

THE PROBLEM OF MATERIALIZATION¹

II.

IT must be a matter of regret for all who are engaged in the study of the history of modern spiritualism that no reliable data are available regarding the chronological order in which the various types of manifestation developed during the early years of the movement. Miss Kate Fox, who was, of course, one of the two children concerned in the first rappings at Hydesville in 1848, was accredited at a later date with some very remarkable materialization phenomena. But the most famous of these, occurring in the presence of Mr. Charles F. Livermore, only took place in 1861. There is not very much in such early works as those of Adin Ballou (1852), Henry Spicer (1853), or E. W. Capron (1855),² which would nowadays be classed among typical examples of materialization, while the word itself in that special meaning seems then to have been unknown. Still, even the first-named of these authors was not entirely unfamiliar with the manifestations of which we are here treating, for in his opening chapter, when attempting some sort of classification of the phenomena described, he sets down as his fourth category:

The presenting of apparitions, in some instances of a spirit hand and arm, in others of the whole human form, and in others of several deceased persons conversing together, causing distinct touches to be felt by the mortal living, grasping and shaking hands, and giving many other sensible demonstrations of their existence.³

Obviously, such experiences, even if of rare occurrence, must at least have been matter of discussion before June,

¹ For the first part of this article see *THE MONTH* for October, 1922, pp. 331-344.

² Ballou's work is called *An Exposition of Views respecting the Modern Spirit Manifestations*; Spicer's is entitled *Sights and Sounds, The Mystery of the Day*, London, 1853; Capron's is known as *Modern Spiritualism: its Facts and Fanaticisms*, and was entirely American in origin.

³ Ballou, *Spirit Manifestations*, English Edition, Liverpool, 1853, p. 2.

1852, when the first edition of Ballou's book was published. Moreover, Ballou records one or two rather striking examples which had occurred in 1851 in the presence of Mrs. Eliza Wilcox, an unpaid medium, at Blackstone, U.S.A. A Mr. Harvey Chase having, as he believed, received a communication from his deceased wife, asked if she would put her hand in his and was answered in the affirmative.

I then [he states] held my hand in open space, where it was not possible to be reached by anyone present without altering their position, which they did not, as I must have seen them. I felt a hand as perfect as that of a living person, the touch and separation of the fingers was plainly perceptible. It purported to be the hand of my former wife. One of her hands was deformed by being badly burnt when a child. Two of her fingers were bent inward towards the palm and the nail of one finger was very short and thick. I then asked her to put her deformed hand into mine, which she immediately did, and then passed her finger with the thick nail over the palm of my hand, as if to convince me of her identity.¹

I quote this, not for its evidential value, though Adin Ballou, himself a much respected Congregationalist minister and an intelligent writer, vouches for the trustworthiness of the persons concerned, but on account of the exceptionally early date. Moreover, a circumstantial account is given of a hand which in the presence of the same medium was *seen* to write spirit communications on a slate. It is stated that, in the light of the stove, a hand, with the arm half-way to the elbow, was distinctly visible to two persons present, who also attested that, in view of the position, size of the hand, etc., it could not have been that of the medium.² The sceptic may reasonably draw the inference that the predominance of materialized hands in the records of this type of manifestations may have been suggested by the written communications on slates, paper, etc., which were looked for and apparently obtained from the very earliest days of the spiritualist movement. And once having thought of solid writing hands, it was only a step to conceive the idea of arms, heads and whole bodies, which should make themselves both visible and tangible in the very dim twilight of the normal séance room. None the less, it must also in fairness be noted that, in the incomplete materializations obtained through the

¹ *Ibid.* p. 90.

² *Ibid.* pp. 91—92.

mediumship of Eusapia Palladino and Eva C. in quite modern times, there is still a preference given to the hand. The photographs reproduced in such a book as that of Madame Bisson would alone suffice to prove it.¹

More satisfactory from an evidential point of view is the "Stranger than Fiction" article in the *Cornhill* for 1860, to which I referred in my previous article. The facts, as I may remind the reader, were described by Mr. Robert Bell, the friend of Thackeray, and corroborated by another eyewitness, Dr. Gully, both these gentlemen having a notice accorded to them in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The point I wish for the moment to emphasize is the manner of the hand's disappearance. Mr. Bell states that in this séance at which D. D. Home acted as medium,

soon after, what seemed to be a large hand came under the table-cover, and, with the fingers clustered to a point, raised it between me and the table. Somewhat too eager to satisfy my curiosity, I seized it, felt it very sensibly; but it went out like air, in my grasp. I know of no analogy in connexion with the sense of touch by which I could make the nature of that feeling intelligible. It was as palpable as any soft substance, velvet, or pulp; and to the touch it seemed as solid, but pressure reduced it to air.²

This peculiar melting away of materialized hands has been described by many observers, but among all the statements which might be quoted it is natural to give the preference to that of Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., both on account of his scientific eminence and of his very wide experience in séances with Home, Florrie Cook, and other mediums of the first class. He says:

The forms of hands are frequently *felt* at dark séances, or under circumstances where they cannot be seen. More rarely I have seen the hands. I will here give no instances in which the phenomenon has occurred in darkness, but will simply select a few of the numerous instances in which I have seen the hands in the light.

A beautifully-formed small hand rose up from an opening in a dining-table and gave me a flower; it appeared and then disappeared three times at intervals, affording me ample oppor-

¹ Bisson, *Les Phénomènes dits de Matérialisation*, figs. 11, 18, 20, 23, 28, 35, 73, etc.

² *Cornhill Magazine*, 1860, II. p. 221.

tunity of satisfying myself that it was as real in appearance as my own. This occurred in the light in my own room, while I was holding the medium's hands and feet. On another occasion, a small hand and arm, like a baby's, appeared playing about a lady, who was sitting next to me. It then passed to me and patted my arm, and pulled my coat several times.

Sir William quotes other instances, but it is surely needless to insist upon the very weighty character of this positive statement of what he had seen in a good light, so completely confirming, as it does, the account given by Dr. Garth Wilkinson sixteen years earlier.¹ What follows is of special interest in its bearing upon the imperfect materializations so commonly shown in the flashlight photographs obtained during recent years with the medium Eva C.:

The hands and fingers do not always appear to me solid and life-like. Sometimes, indeed, they present more the appearance of a nebulous cloud partly condensed into the form of a hand. This is not equally visible to all present. For instance, a flower or other small object is seen to move; one person present will see a luminous cloud hovering over it, another will detect a nebulous-looking hand, whilst others will see nothing at all but the moving flower. I have more than once seen, first an object move, then a luminous cloud appear to form about it, and lastly the cloud condense into shape and become a perfectly-formed hand. At this stage the hand is visible to all present. It is not always a mere form, but sometimes appears perfectly life-like and graceful, the fingers moving and the flesh apparently as human as that of any in the room. At the wrist, or arm, it becomes hazy, and fades off into a luminous cloud. To the touch the hand sometimes appears icy-cold and dead, at other times, warm and life-like, grasping my own with the firm pressure of an old friend.

I have retained one of these hands in my own, firmly resolved not to let it escape. There was no struggle or effort made to get loose, but it gradually seemed to resolve itself into vapour, and faded in that manner from my grasp.²

¹ See THE MONTH, Oct. 1922, p. 335.

² Crookes, *Researches in Spiritualism*, p. 92. The statement of Sir William Crookes, quoted above, was first published in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* for January, 1874. Three years before this, Robert Dale Owen, a well-known American diplomat, who had been U.S.A. Minister in Naples, published his book *The Debatable Land*. Therein he mentions how "Two highly intelligent friends of mine, now deceased, Dr. A. D. Wilson and Professor James Mapes, both formerly of New York, each on one occasion firmly grasped what seemed a luminous hand appearing as above. In both cases the result was the same. What was laid hold of melted entirely away—so each told me—in his grasp." P. 273 note. Cf. Richet, *Métapsychique*, pp. 524, 619, 629.

It is interesting to note that this last experience evidently made a considerable impression upon the late Lord Rayleigh, F.R.S., whose attitude to the physical phenomena of this nature was otherwise very negative. After quoting what Sir William says about the hand fading away, Lord Rayleigh, in his Presidential Address to the Society of Psychical Research in 1919, remarks:

I believe that the rationalistic explanation is that the hand was an inflated glove, like a rubber balloon, from which the air gradually leaked away, but I gave Sir W. Crookes credit for being able to retain the rubber."¹

It would be natural to speak here of the most famous of all the materializations which have been recorded during the last seventy years, to wit, the repeated appearance of "Katie King," under the mediumship of Miss Florrie Cook, in the laboratory of the same Sir William Crookes, but the subject requires so much explanation, and the evidence has in my judgment been so misrepresented by Mr. Podmore and other critics, that it will be best to devote a separate article to that series of experiments alone.

Meanwhile, several of the mediums who flourished at the same epoch, though unquestionably they were at one time or another under grievous suspicion of producing fraudulent phenomena, offer some very interesting problems to the inquirer. Some of these manifestations, *if* we may accept the alleged facts, fall in tolerably well with the ectoplasmic hypothesis which the photographs of Eva C. and Kathleen Goligher have recently rendered so popular. Let me take first the case of Miss Wood at Belper in 1877. The medium was here screwed up in a wire cage, and also secured with tapes which were stitched and sealed to prevent her moving from her chair within the cabinet. "Pocka, the light-hearted, intelligent Indian girl," took control, that is to say, she kept up a conversation, using the organs of the medium. The séance was held in the dark, but there seems to have been sufficient light to distinguish opaque forms and white objects. Mr. Adshead, a local magnate, of whose honesty no suspicion can be entertained, writes the report, and it is confirmed by another keenly interested observer, Mr. Alfred Smedley, the head of a firm of iron founders in the neighbourhood.

¹ S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. XXX., p. 278.

The time [we are told] sped pleasantly by for more than an hour, when we were delighted to hear "Pocka" say: "'Benny' peaks, him tink him able to 'terialize outside cabinet; sing for your lives"; which we did with a will, and continued to do for about twenty minutes, when several of the friends together said: "There is something white lying on the floor outside the curtains." It appeared to Mr. Smedley, myself and others about the size of a shilling. It so remained for a minute or two, then the bulk increased, but so indefinite was it in shape, it was difficult to think of anything with which to compare it. When it had attained, about eighteen inches in height, its development stopped for a minute or two; then its proportions again steadily increased. Dividing lines appeared, shading off into what might be the rudiments of a robe. A minute or two more, and the change was such as to lead a lady sitting near me to say: "I believe it is Pocka." I replied: "We must wait a little longer, as the form is not yet developed." And I was right, for it continued to rise and broaden, like nothing so much (except that the process was quicker) as a flower opening its petals to the sun, until "Benny" stood before us. . . . "Benny" was soon at work. Having bowed to the company, he laid his hand on Mr. Smedley's head, pressing it rather heavily, and then stroked his face.

Mr. Smedley took his hand, which, he says, was much larger than his own and double the size of the medium's. . . . In consequence of having acquired either more confidence or power, he did not wrap himself in his robe so closely as usual; it was well thrown back from his face and off his hands. Producing a pair of scissors I asked him if he would oblige me by giving me a portion of his whisker. Instead of either bowing or shaking his head, I was delighted to hear him answer in good honest Scotch: "Aye." He took the scissors and I saw him cut from his face a portion of his whisker, which he gave to me, and which is now in my possession.¹

This sounds plausible, but the evidence is far from conclusive. In view of the very dim light such descriptions are always unsatisfactory. Also, Mr. Podmore declares that the meshes of the wire cage were such that the medium could pass through them, a statement very difficult to reconcile with the picture of the cabinet, drawn to scale, given on p. 70 of Mr. Smedley's book. But the investigators, notably Messrs. Adshead and Smedley, give the impression of being honest and reasonably intelligent men, who were alive to, and keen to provide against, the possibility of imposture.²

¹ A. Smedley, *Some Reminiscences* (1900), pp. 114—116.

² The séance took place in a large room quite strange to the medium, and confederacy seems to have been impossible; but one must bear in mind the opportunity afforded for trickery such as that described in H. Carrington's *Physical Phenomena* (1920 edition), p. 257.

Undoubtedly the most astonishing manifestations seem only to be obtained when complete confidence and familiarity exist between the medium and the observers, and it is natural enough for critics like M. Heuzé to draw the inference that this is because under such circumstances all control is relaxed and the medium is practically given a free hand. Still, in these psychic matters, it is difficult to dogmatize as if we were dealing with the reaction of so many chemical substances or with purely material forces, the resultant effects of which, under certain determined conditions, will always be uniform. The collective experience of the Society for Psychical Research would distinctly affirm the conclusion that the presence of unfamiliar and unsympathetic observers interferes with the production of phenomena, not because such strangers are necessarily more critical than the habitués, but because they seemingly introduce new conditions which are disturbing, or at any rate distracting for the medium. Of course the necessary consequence must be that the manifestations obtained by a single sitter, who is alone with the medium and possesses her entire confidence, will often be of exceptional power and interest. But unfortunately, seeing that there is but one witness, and that that one is in some sense open to the suspicion of over-credulity or of collusion, the evidential value of his report is very difficult to gauge. This is the position which renders any estimate of the value of the sittings, already alluded to, of Mr. Charles Livermore with Miss Kate Fox in 1861-65, so extremely perplexing. Mr. Livermore was a New York banker of high social position and unblemished integrity. In 1860 he lost his beloved wife. Her physician, who was also his own personal friend, Dr. John F. Gray, was a believer in spiritualism, and the doctor persuaded Mr. Livermore, hitherto a complete sceptic as regarded such phenomena, to consult Miss Kate Fox. In the séances which followed manifestations were produced which entirely dispelled the scepticism of the widower. For five or six years he continued to hold frequent sittings with this famous medium and kept a diary of all that occurred. In one of the earliest of these experiences he describes how, after receiving a message rapped out by the alphabet: "My dear, I am here in form;¹ do not speak,"=

¹ By this phrase "in form" Mr. Livermore means in bodily form, i.e., materialized.

A globular light rose up from the floor behind me; and, as it became brighter, a face, surmounted by a crown, was distinctly seen by the medium and myself. Next, the head appeared, as if covered with a white veil: this was withdrawn after the figure had risen some feet higher; and I recognized unmistakably the full head and face of my wife, surrounded by a semi-circle of light, about eighteen inches in diameter. The recognition was complete, derived alike from the features and her natural expression.

This was only the first of a long series of similar manifestations. On another occasion he writes:

I asked her to kiss me if she could; and to my great astonishment and delight, an arm was placed around my neck, and a real palpable kiss was imprinted on my lips, through something like fine muslin. A head was laid upon mine, the hair falling luxuriantly down my face. The kiss was frequently repeated, and was audible in every part of the room. . . . The figure at the close stood before the mirror and was reflected therein.

Dr. Gray, himself fully believing in the reality of the phenomena, declared regarding Mr. Livermore, whom he had known from his boyhood, that he was in no way subject to hallucinations and that "he is less liable to be misled by errors of his organs of sense than almost any man of my large circle of patients and acquaintances."¹

¹ The Hon. Robert Dale Owen, previously mentioned, prints in his book *The Debatable Land* (1871) a lengthy summary of these investigations and appends to them (p. 401) the following letter from Mr. Livermore, dated from Fifth Avenue, New York, July 26, 1871:

"My Esteemed Friend,

"I cannot refuse your request for particulars of some of these experiences which I have read to you from my Journal of 1861—1866. In giving them, I desire, by way of averting misconception, to make a few explanations.

"I commenced these investigations an out-and-out sceptic. They were undertaken solely with a view to satisfy my own mind, and with no thought, motive or desire for publicity. After a thorough and careful scrutiny, I found, to my surprise, that the phenomena were real. After ten years of experience, with ample opportunities for observation (often with scientific men), I arrive at these conclusions:

"First, that there exists, in presence of certain sensitives of high nervous organization, a mysterious force, capable of moving ponderable bodies, and which exhibits intelligence: For example, a pencil without contact with human hand, or any visible agency, apparently of its own volition, writes intelligently and answers questions pertinently.

"Second, that temporary formations, material in structure and cognizable by the senses, are produced by the same influence, are animated by the same mysterious force, and pass off as incomprehensibly as they came. For example, hands which grasp with living power; flowers which emit perfume and can be handled; human forms and *parts of forms*; recognizable faces; representations of clothing and the like.

"Third, that this force, and the resulting phenomena, are developed in a greater or less degree, according to the physical and mental conditions of the sensitive, and, in a measure, by atmospherical conditions.

At a later stage in this series of sittings the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Franklin also materialized, "broad-shouldered, heavy and dressed in black," and on October 4, 1861, Mr. Livermore records how among many other manifestations, "the spirits of my wife and Dr. Franklin came to me in form at the same time—he slapping me heavily upon the back, while she gently patted me upon the head and shoulder." This simultaneous appearance seems to exclude all possibility of personation on the part of the medium. On another occasion his wife came "with the arm bare from the shoulder with the exception of the gossamer. I found it," he goes on, "as large and as real in weight as a living arm. At first it felt cold, then grew gradually warmer." On January 30, 1862, he records that the figure of his wife "kissed me, rested its arm, while fully visible, upon my head and shoulders, repeating the same to the medium." Were these, one cannot help asking, real experiences, or were they just the maunderings of incipient mental decay in an old man who had fallen under the hypnotic spell of an artful little hussy? Mr. Livermore, however, was not an old man. Mr. B. Coleman, who in 1861, before Mr. Livermore's name was made public, gave an account of these séances in the *Spiritual Magazine*, describes him as "a serious and gentlemanly person of about five and thirty, dressed in deep mourning."¹ Moreover, there is independent confirmation, from Dr. Gray and others, of the reality of the phenomena.

Mr. Livermore's recitals [writes Dr. Gray] of the séances in

"Fourth, that the intelligence which governs this force is (under pure conditions) independent of, and external to, the minds of the sensitive and investigator. For example, questions unknown to either, sometimes in language unknown to either, are duly answered.

"The origin of these phenomena is an open question.

"You may rely on these records as being free from exaggeration in each and every particular. Very sincerely your friend,

C. F. LIVERMORE."

It may, of course, be contended that the distracted widower had fallen an easy prey to the wiles of an artful and pretty medium, but I must confess that, to my thinking, this letter and the other documents connected with the case make on the whole a good impression. Let me note, however, that while the spirit letters signed "Estelle" are said to resemble the handwriting of Mrs. Livermore, those purporting to emanate from Benjamin Franklin prove on comparison to differ widely from his authentic script. As most of the sittings took place in a room in Mr. Livermore's own house, and always with locked doors, the possibility of a confederate seems to be excluded, but it may freely be admitted that no conclusions could be drawn if the matter rested on this case alone.

¹ *The Spiritual Magazine*, Sept. 1861, p. 389.

which I participated are faithfully and most accurately stated, leaving not a shade of doubt in my mind as to the truth and accuracy of his account of those at which I was not a witness. I saw with him the philosopher Franklin, in a living, tangible, physical form, several times. . . . I witnessed the production of lights, odours, and sounds, and also the formation of flowers, cloth-textures, etc., and their disintegration.

Furthermore, Dr. Gray, as late as January, 1867, attests that "Mr. Livermore is a good observer of spirit phenomena; brave, clear and quick-sighted; void of what is called superstition, in good health of body and mind, and remarkably unsusceptible to human magnetism."

Finally, there was a brother-in-law of Mr. Livermore, a Mr. G(route), who was occasionally invited to attend these sittings. It is noted that when this stranger was present he was not at first permitted to draw near while Dr. Franklin materialized. Mr. Livermore records:

At last the conditions having become stronger, or rather the effect of his presence having been partially overcome, the following message was received: "Dear Friend, approach." Mr. G. now came to us, when the spirit of Dr. Franklin immediately became visible to him. He saw the hair was real. . . . He did not, however, see the spirit in the same degree of perfection that we do, but sufficiently well to recognize the face of Dr. Franklin as represented in his portraits. The eyes, hair, features and expression, together with a portion of the drapery, were all visibly perfect; but the power of the electrical light [*i.e.*, the spirit light] was considerably weakened from the effects of Mr. G.'s presence. These effects were very curious. With Mr. G. in the other room the light was bright and vivid, decreasing as he approached in proportion to the distance; again brightening as he receded, and *vice versa*, showing that the sphere of a person in the earth form has a direct influence upon these creations of the invisible world; and that this influence may be a disturbing one from no other cause except surprise, fear, or any violent emotion resulting from inexperience in the phenomena.¹

¹ I have taken this account of Mr. C. Livermore's experiences mainly from the book of Mr. Epes Sargent, *Planchette, or the Despair of Science*, Boston, 1869, pp. 55-79. But Mr. Epes Sargent's summary is borne out in all respects by the contemporary descriptions of Mr. B. Coleman, who wrote from New York after holding many conversations with Mr. Livermore and Dr. Gray and after receiving many letters from the former, from which he quotes at length (see *The Spiritual Magazine* for 1861, pp. 385-400, and 481-498). Moreover another full account of the same phenomena is given by Mr. Dale Owen in his *Debatable Land*, pp. 385-401, already referred to above.

Without attributing too much authority to the impressions of a single observer in a field in which there is little agreement of opinion, these last remarks of Mr. Livermore seem to me well worthy of notice. Assuming that he was a perfectly honest witness and that he was not the victim of any imposture, he probably had a better opportunity of observing the phenomena of materialization than almost any of his contemporaries. No doubt Miss Kate Fox (Mrs. Jencken as she afterwards became), like all the paid mediums for physical phenomena, practically without any exception, was not by any means immune from the suspicion of trickery, but, as has previously been said, it by no means follows that, because some manifestations are fraudulent, all are fraudulent, or even that any are consciously fraudulent. For this reason I am disposed to attach a certain importance to the materializations recorded of the American medium Firman, even though he was found guilty of imposture in Paris by a legal tribunal in 1875. His experiments had chiefly been carried out in the presence, and at the house, of a certain Count de Bullet, but an attaché of the American Embassy, Mr. J. L. O'Sullivan, was sometimes permitted to be present at the séances, and sent long reports of them to the London newspaper *The Spiritualist*. Here are some extracts:

I yesterday, before we began, went through a thorough search both of the interior of the cabinet and of Firman's person. . . . Unless all these objects (drapery, beards, turbans, etc.), enough to fill a moderate trunk, were concealed by him in a little pocket-book (thick enough to hold a few cards or letters), I can swear that there was absolutely nothing inside that cabinet but Firman as we would see him asleep on a cane-bottomed chair. And yet there came all these faces and forms, all this display and paraphernalia. They were *materialized spirits* and nothing else. Nothing else was materially possible under the most exhaustive search and scrutiny—under the most absolute "test conditions." Count Bullet confirms all I say, and I declare it all on my honour and oath.¹

Firman was one of the mediums (Charles Williams was another) at whose séances the seventeenth-century buccaneer, "John King," so renowned in the annals of spiritualism, purported to appear with his famous "lamp," a spirit light

¹ *The Spiritualist*, Ap. 13/77, p. 176. It is to be noted that these sittings took place *after* Firman's conviction in the Paris courts. O'Sullivan and de Bullet were well acquainted with the frauds laid to his charge.

which lit up his own features and surrounding objects even in pitchy darkness. Generalizing regarding the many materialized figures which appeared at Firman's séances, Mr. O'Sullivan says:

As for the faces being "living, intelligent, flexible," our experience is that when the atmosphere and other unknown conditions are favourable and the power is good, then *they are so* unmistakably, and in a striking and beautiful degree. They look into our eyes, not only with living intelligence in their countenances, but with a deep earnestness of expression. . . . They often turn round so as to show the profile, bend forward in salutation, shake the head. And all their movements both of faces and of persons are unsurpassably graceful. But it is not always thus. John King will tell us that the weather is bad . . . at such times his luminous stone is dull and clouded. . . . He sometimes tells us that to-day he cannot do anything; makes no attempt at showing the cabinet materialization. . . . He rarely fails, however, of being at least able to talk to us himself, and to show his light a little, with more or less of glimpses of his then slightly perceived white dress. . . . When it is "full moon," he himself shows splendidly by his light, and he shows us some of the other spirits by it also. . . . We have thus seen four at a time, with Firman asleep into the bargain.

Now there are, on the other hand, occasions when the spirits materialized in the cabinet are shown to us when "the power" is not very good, or not good at all, and John King seems to be doing the best he can with an insufficient amount of it. Then the faces will indeed have no life in them, or but little and questionable life; no "speculation in their eyes," or life seen but for a moment, and then extinguished like a light suddenly going out. Any spectator seeing them *then*, and *then only*, would indeed regard them as death-like masks. Some such cases of imperfect materialization you have evidently seen in England. We have occasionally witnessed more than that (though not of late). We have seen a face formed only in its lower or upper half, or in a side half, or formed all but the eyes, where was only a broad, black chasm; or even a face existing, or rather visible only in parts or spots, with black blotches, suggesting the idea of a dead face that has been gnawed by fishes—shocking to behold. These were all simply and evidently failures, owing to deficient "power"; and yet, when the materializations are good, it is veritable angels that we have the privilege of looking upon and communicating with.

I will here mention that several times (before my participation in these séances) the Count has been inside the cabinet during the process of materialization and has seen the spirits gradually

condensing into form out of a sort of white cloud, and he has then and there been allowed to feel them, their feet and legs, being himself also touched by them. . . .

Let me revert to your "flexibility" of face. I cannot say that in these present séances I have seen clearly any *movement* of the features so as to be quite sure of it—being always so anxious not to see or say anything I was not quite sure of. . . . My former letter recorded the kisses, visible by the motions of the lips between the sister spirits, as well as audible by the sweet little familiar sound; and this occurring once or twice between three at a time. . . .

Though it was not formerly so, yet it is certain that now these spirits are generally not materialized below the head. Below that, ample drapery sweeps downward. Sometimes the neck is visible; more commonly the drapery muffles them up to the top of the neck.

We never now, as we used to do, see the whole of the figure below the bust down to the feet. We see the drapery in graceful folds but no lower limbs within it; no feet shown beneath it.¹

I must defer to a future occasion any comments I have to offer upon the manifestations thus described, but it may not be out of place to point out that these imperfectly materialized faces, these busts and hands without bodies, observed in the séances of more than forty years ago, are all in singular accord with the appearances revealed by the photographs of Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, Madame Bisson and Dr. Geley, in quite recent times.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Read and endorsed by de Bullet, *Spiritualist*, May 4/77, pp. 267—268.

IS ENGLAND A PROTESTANT COUNTRY?

AS the Guild of Ransom processions pass along the streets of London on the Sunday afternoons of the summer months it is seldom that any of the onlookers manifest either irreverence or ill will. But any friendly or intelligent interest in the proceedings is equally rare. The attitude of the spectators is largely that of indifference and puzzled bewilderment, with here and there some signs of respectful curiosity. It is seldom that one hears a hostile comment. During the Newgate to Tyburn walk last year I was helping to distribute the explanatory handbills which are given out to the number of five or six thousand along the line of the route. I was in and out among the onlookers all the way and kept my ears open for anything that was said. I heard only one hostile remark; this called forth a comment from another spectator, and what was said set me thinking. A stolid looking British workman protested: "This kind of thing should not be allowed," and then added emphatically: "This is a Protestant country." On which another bystander asked: "Is it? I sometimes wonder if it's a Christian country."

A hundred years ago no one would have ventured to suggest that England was anything else but a Protestant country. The Catholics were a mere handful. In an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, Sydney Smith urged, as an argument for Catholic Emancipation, that if ever there was a reason for special legislation against them, the time for it was long past, for the Roman Catholics were a small community, dwindling in numbers and not unlikely to become extinct in England. There was a little noisy group of the people for whom Holyoake afterwards invented the name of "Secularists." They called themselves "Freethinkers," and a few of them declared themselves "Atheists." But they had very little influence and were generally regarded as disreputable cranks. The Jews were another comparatively unimportant body. They had not yet acquired their present commanding position in commercial, political and social life. De Quincey could describe them as a race that had lost its chance of greatness

and found itself condemned to cry "Old clo'" in the back streets of western Europe.

The great mass of the English people were Protestants. One Protestant denomination, the Unitarians, was open to the challenge that its claim to being a Christian community was at least very doubtful. It was only lately that they had been freed from the ban of the Blasphemy Laws. But they were not a numerous body. There was a remarkable absence of what one may call "crank religions" in this Protestant England of the 1820's. If an Englishman of those days had declared himself an adherent of a religion like the Spiritism, Christian Science, Theosophy, and the like, of our own day, he would have raised doubts as to his sanity. Church of Englandism, of the old-fashioned Book of Common Prayer and No Popery type, was the dominant creed, and the Dissenters were staunch Bible Christians with no doubts as to the verbal inspiration of King James's Authorized Version. One might indeed question whether large numbers of the adherents, both of the Established Church or of the Dissenting bodies, had much knowledge of the form of Christianity they professed or knew much about its practical bearing on everyday life, but there could be no doubt about their profession of it. It was the accepted rule that every respectable man or woman should go to church or chapel on Sunday. All children were baptized. All marriages were celebrated before a minister of religion. All legal oaths were taken on the Holy Scriptures. In the schools, Bible reading was part of the daily routine. Even those whose lives were in strange contrast with its teaching, accepted as a traditional fact of axiomatic certainty that the Bible was the Word of God and the basis of the Protestant faith. When Milner published his *End of Controversy* in 1818, he could take it for granted that his non-Catholic readers would accept without need of explanation or debate such primary truths of Christianity as the existence of God, the mystery of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation and Redemption, and the inspiration of the Gospels, and would recognize a series of texts from the Bible as an unchallenged basis for argument as to the will of God and His revelation to man.

The changes of a century have profoundly altered this state of things. One may measure the extent of the change in the mental attitude of the non-Catholics of England by the fact that in dealing with them the Catholic controver-

sialist can no longer take for granted their acceptance even of the primary truths of Christianity, or, like Milner, base an argument on a *calena* of Scripture texts. Not long ago a priest, whose special work is the preaching of missions to non-Catholics, said to me: "When I first took up this work I used to start my line of argument as Milner does, but I found before long that I must go back to the beginning of things, devoting the opening sermons to the existence of God, the fact of revelation, the Divinity of our Lord. As to the existence of God, granted that there are very few utter atheists, there are numbers of people for whom the name of God has only a very vague significance; so one has to try to give them some idea of what Catholics mean when they use the word. As for the Divinity of Christ there are multitudes who do not believe in it in any real sense of the word, and have hardly an idea of what it means."

There are some questions that one almost hesitates to put plainly, because the answer may well be a very bitter truth. It is obvious that in the last hundred years, side by side with the very considerable progress of Catholicity in England, there has been a widespread falling away from belief in the fundamental truths of Christianity among non-Catholics. This suggests the question, What proportion of the English people have been thus affected? We may further ask, is it still true that England is mainly in the strict sense of the word a Protestant country, and how far those outside the Catholic Church have fallen away from all definite belief in the Christian creed itself?

It is not possible to obtain accurate statistics of the proportion of the people of England who are professing members of the various Christian denominations. The most one can arrive at is a rough estimate. There has never been a religious census of England and Wales. The most we can do is to take the total population as shown by the official census and compare with this figure the statistics of membership published by various religious bodies. These will probably not under-estimate the number of their adherents. One can only deal with round numbers and obtain an approximate result, for the published statistics available do not always belong to the same year for all the denominations concerned. This matters less, however, because there is not likely to be any considerable access or loss of membership within two or three years.

The population of England and Wales, according to the latest census (1921), is just under thirty-eight millions. The statistics of the Catholic body, as given in the Directory, claim a total of nearly two millions. The non-Catholic population thus numbers about thirty-six millions. How many of these are in active membership of any Christian Church?

We can get some help towards an answer to this question from the figures published in the *Year Books* of the Church of England and the Free Churches. We find three sets of such figures—statistics of seating room in churches and chapels, totals of communicants or adherents, and totals of Sunday School scholars.

In the 15,000 churches and chapels belonging to the Established Church there is sitting accommodation for nearly seven millions. The sitting accommodation of the Nonconformist or Free Churches is a little over eight millions. But in both church and chapel much of this abundant room is notoriously unoccupied Sunday after Sunday, and when one comes to consider the number of adherents claimed by the Churches, one finds that the fifteen million places available are largely in excess of Church membership.

The Free Churches, according to their published statistics, claim only about two millions of adherents in "full membership." There are less definite figures available for the Church of England, but if we take its measure of adherents "in full membership" to be approximately equivalent to the number of "Easter Communicants" reported in the diocesan returns, the total is between two and two and a half millions. So for the fifteen million sittings in the buildings we have for the combined "full membership" of the Established and Free Churches about four and a half million persons—this out of a total of thirty-six million non-Catholics.

But these statistics of "full membership" and "communicants" include chiefly adults and adolescents. Young children are not numbered in these totals. There are, however, other statistics for children and young people (not including mere infants)—the statistics of Sunday School scholars. Both for the Church of England and for the combined aggregate of the Free Churches the total of these is in each case about three millions—or six millions for both together. Some of these are senior pupils of the Sunday Schools already numbered among "full members" or "communicants." But disregarding this double entry, we have the result that active

membership of young and old in the Established Church gives a total of about five and a half millions, and in the Free Churches five millions—ten and a half millions in all. This leaves about twenty-six millions of non-Catholics in no active membership with any Christian body.

We must, however, make a deduction from this figure. For about 10 per cent of the total population are infants and children under five years of age. Let us take it that 10 per cent of the twenty-six millions so far unaccounted for are children of parents in full membership with some Protestant denomination, and thus destined to grow up under Christian influences. The balance left over will then be about twenty-three and a half millions out of a total of thirty-six million non-Catholics.

We are dealing with round numbers and estimates that are only approximate figures (but still, it would seem, not far from the facts). Let us take it that twenty-three millions represent the total of those who are not in active membership of any Christian denomination. This is 60 per cent of the total population of thirty-eight millions.

Before further examining this result it is interesting to note what appears to be a legitimate deduction from a comparison of the Sunday School figures with the statistics of "full membership" and "communicants" in the Protestant churches.

It will be noticed that in both the Church of England and the Free Churches the totals of Sunday School scholars greatly exceed those of active adult membership. There are six millions of the former and four and a half of the latter. But if we take the school age to be five to fifteen, and reckon all above fifteen as likely to be numbered among the communicants and full members, supposing that they pass from the school to church membership, the statistics of the latter ought to give much higher figures than the totals for the former. For according to the figures of the census, out of every hundred people about twenty-three are over five years of age and under fifteen. If all the Sunday School attendants went on to full church membership, three million scholars, year after year in the schools, should give a subsequent total of at least eight million church members, instead of two and a half or two millions. Obviously immense numbers of Sunday School scholars drop all active connection with the churches soon after the end of their school age,

when they can choose for themselves. In other words, these statistics indicate a very serious "leakage" from the Protestant churches.

It would appear, then, that more than half of the people of England and Wales are in no real membership with any Christian Church, and that the Protestants in such 'full membership are a minority of the English people. If the religious status of a country is fixed by the religion professed by the majority of its people, in what sense can England be truly described as a "Protestant country"?

It will very probably be objected that this argument from statistics must be open to very serious criticism, because one finds that, of the marriages celebrated in England and Wales only about one in four, or approximately 25 per cent of the annual total, are purely civil marriages at the Registrar's office without any religious ceremony. Some 75 per cent are marriages before a minister of religion, and of these nearly 60 per cent are celebrated in churches of the Established Church of England. But these marriage statistics must be looked at rather closely before accepting them as furnishing a valid objection to the conclusions suggested by other data. For the fact is that numbers of people go to church to be married, or to assist at a marriage, who never enter church or chapel at any other time. Except among the High Churchmen there is not even a question as to whether the parties to the marriage contract have ever been baptized. The marriage before the "Minister" is part of a vigorous tradition, and for the wedding party, and especially for bride and bridesmaids, it is more pleasant to drive to church and appear before a gathering of interested spectators and friends than to take part in the rather humdrum, prosaic and somewhat shabby proceedings in the Registrar's offices. There is some *éclat*, some little pomp and circumstance in a French civil marriage before *M. le Maire* at the Town Hall. The legal formalities at a British Registrar's office in some dingy building in a side street are about as impressive as the ceremony of paying one's rates and taxes or obtaining a motor licence.

Again, it is argued that the majority of the English people would seem to be not only Protestants but, moreover, members of the Church of England, because the officers and "other ranks" in all the English units of the army are predominantly "Church of England."

In the war years, when millions were swept into the army,

the percentage of "Church of England" was far above that of all other denominations put together. Further, every officer and man was registered as professing some definite religion. It was the same in the navy. But this is "a way they have" in the army and navy. There is a story, that if not true has a foundation of truth, of a young subaltern, who was missing from Church Parade on the Sunday after joining up in India, telling his C.O. in answer to an inquiry about his absence: "I hold advanced views of these matters, Sir. I do not belong to the Church of England or any other," with the result that the Colonel replied: "That will not do in the army, young man. I shall tell the Adjutant to see that you are provided with a religion of some kind before next Sunday." A "religion of some kind" is part of the soldier's equipment. At one time there was an official disposition to recognize only three patterns, "C. of E.," "R.C." and "Presbyterian" (this last chiefly for Scottish units). There is a line for its declaration in the recruit's enlistment papers. If he does not definitely declare himself something else, he is classed automatically as "Church of England," and duly marched to the C. of E. parade on the next Sunday. How little connection there is between the resulting percentages in the statistics of army religion and the reality may be gathered from the evidence of the army chaplains, summed up in the report of the Bishop of Winchester's Committee (*The Army and Religion*, published by the Y.M.C.A. in 1919).

What is the position of the millions who are not attached to any Christian Church? There is a relatively small number who belong to various non-Christian religions. There are the Jews, a body possessing wealth and influence out of all proportion to its numbers, which are generally estimated as not more than 150,000. Then there are less numerous groups belonging to various Eastern religions, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Hindus, mostly themselves Asiatics and only temporary dwellers here as students, business men, sailors waiting for their next voyage, etc. There are, however, in each group a small number of English adherents, who, in the chaotic religious conditions of the time, have adopted, more or less fully, these Moslem and Pagan cults.

Then there are the adherents of the various modern "crank" religions—Theosophists, with their odd mixture of ramshackle western philosophy, diluted with ideas taken from

both Buddhism and Hinduism; members of that strange "Order of Star of the East," with its message of a second coming that is a travesty of every Christian idea, and its element of theosophy and Hindu ideals; adherents of Eddyism, or Christian Science, with their theories that have no basis either in Christianity or in Science—a body that has ten churches in London and many wealthy and educated adherents, and carries on an intensive propaganda; and there are the many in all classes who have made a religion out of Spiritualism (or as the Americans call it, "Spiritism"), that strange modern revival of old magic and necromancy. These various categories, and some others less important but like them, will account for a few hundred thousand of the millions outside the Christian Churches. There are also a number of professed Rationalists or Secularists, though the aggressive professors and propagandists of unbelief in this form are not so numerous as their clamour would lead one to believe. Among those whose position we are discussing there are, however, immense numbers who have lost all real active belief in Christianity through the lack of definite religious teaching and the subtle propaganda of doubt that runs through so much of popular literature. But for still vaster numbers the position as regards the Christian religion in any form, and one may even say regarding religion in the widest sense of the word, is one of ignorance, or complete indifference, or both combined. It is not a case of men and women who have some religious belief and neglect religious practices. There is something more defective than this—they are absolutely without any religious ideal and never give anything of the kind a passing thought; their minds are a blank on the subject. They are in a state of sheer materialism—not a dogmatic or aggressive materialism, for, after all, that connotes some interest in religious questions from the standpoint of an active-minded adversary. No—they are interested in many things, but religion is outside their mental horizon. They don't trouble themselves about it. Many of them are kindly people who are ready enough to help others and will even subscribe to a local charity organized by one or other of the churches. But they never enter a church of any kind, except, perhaps, on the occasion of a marriage or a funeral service, never say a prayer, and count the Sunday simply as a weekly holiday. Many of them, if the question were asked about their religious position, as it is asked in the

census returns of other countries, would very likely write themselves down "Protestants," but their Protestantism consists mostly in the positive belief that there is a God and the negative proposition that the Pope and the Catholics are all wrong. This materialistic, or practically materialistic, indifference and ignorance has its results in the steady growth and widespread acceptance of what are really pagan ideals. Large numbers are neo-Pagans, or as C. S. Devas has put it, 'After-Christians, sunk in a practical paganism that has succeeded the loss of the Christian ideal.

There is no need to enlarge upon the points here indicated. I believe I have made a fair statement of the case. It would seem that the reply to the question, "Is England a Protestant country?" must be, "Only in so far as it contains a considerable Protestant element in its population." It is not a country where the majority of the people are in any real practical membership of any Protestant church, and it is probably unfortunately true that the majority are outside any continuous Christian influences.

The greater on that account is the obligation, pressing upon those who possess the talent of Faith, to traffic with that treasure. There is room yet for many earnest workers in the Catholic Truth Society, the Guild of Ransom, the Catholic Evidence Guild, the Catholic Social Guild, and kindred societies.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

DAME GERTRUDE MORE, CONTEMPLATIVE

(1606—1633)

IN his copious writings on the inner life of Dame Gertrude More,¹ Father Augustine Baker makes clear that he thinks her a contemplative soul who had reached great holiness. One point that forces itself on the reader, and more and more surprises him, is the shortness of her daily prayer. It is not the quantity but the quality of her prayer that makes her a contemplative.

We are all familiar with the disposition of mind that Father Baker attributes to Dame Gertrude More,—we see it in children of five or six years. Their feelings are easily moved by everything that comes before them,—interest, curiosity, pity, tenderness, love. In particular, they are instantly moved by hearing of our Lord and His Mother. But they have no power of thinking out conclusions, no interest in following reasonings and arguments. And their easily-stirred feelings pass as easily, and must be followed by some new interest. This habit of mind is not uncommon in adults; it was Dame Gertrude's.

I must remind you that before she entered on her life of recollection, her head and senses were more busily employed than they should have been; and even after, . . . outside the set times of recollection she was scarcely less active. All the business that the house could afford for all its members was hardly enough for her; as though she had the solicitude of all on her shoulders. There was nothing concerning the house of any importance, great or little, but she had her head or hand or both, in it. None conversed more at the grate than she did. None was more given to asking news about things outside; but for things within there was no need to ask, for none knew more than she. None wrote more letters, and with greater ease. She willingly took upon herself the duties of cellarer and the charge of the Sisters, and also assisted the Abbess daily and almost hourly. (Inner Life, I., p. 96, condensed.) Such a disposition made her impatient or incapable of much solitude, silence, or abstraction.

¹ Edited a few years ago by Dom B. Weld-Blundell, and published by Washbourne.

When she attempted in her early days to practise silence and abstraction, she was at once assailed by a thousand disturbing thoughts, tending to inspire her with fear (p. 83).

Towards God, she was easily moved to love when any suitable matter was set before her; but not at all by thinking. Such words as "O most amiable Beauty, and only desired Good" would usually suffice at once to move her affection (p. 170). But "though she could revolve images in her mind, and thereby discourse and draw inferences, yet this did not serve to move her will towards God, and enable her to break forth into acts of Love; she remained as cold as a stone" (p. 28). And, as in a child, the feeling excited in her by loving words died down again very quickly.

The one credit Father Baker takes to himself in his direction of Dame Gertrude is that he saw that if she was to pray at all, she must use the disposition she had and not wait to get another. If once she began to pray, steadily, he knew that God would guide her growth and be her Director; but she must begin praying as she now was. So he told her to do the only thing that lifted her heart to God—take a phrase or thought that stirred her, and so wake her affections for a few moments: and when they died down take another, and then another, and so fill up the set time for prayer.

The feelings thus directly awakened are feelings of sense, not of soul. We waken them in a child not yet equipped with the power of reasoning by talking of Bethlehem or of Calvary. But in an adult when these feelings awake, the reasonable will can enter into them, feed itself with them, as Father Baker expresses it, so that it is not only the feelings that are acting towards God, but the will; which makes such resolves and such spiritual acts as correspond to the sensitive feelings. Thus in Dame Gertrude's prayer, the basis was a succession of momentary feelings towards God; but each of them led to the same result—the lifting of the will to God. In course of time, the constantly changing fuel came to produce one steady, invisible flame in the will. And then, this activity of the soul took its proper place and became the chief thing; and the sensitive feelings took their proper place and became a mere accompaniment and tool used by the soul. As in a musical child, at first the mind is busied with music only while music outwardly heard is still ringing in the imagination; but later, the mind can

think of music at will, and set the imagination ringing with melodies and harmonies from within. In Dame Gertrude, prayer now began by the will turning directly to God; the bulk of her prayer was the activity of the will towards God. This activity of the soul often wakened the feelings; seldom now was it necessary first to kindle the feelings in order to stir the soul to act.

It is on this ground that Father Baker considers Dame Gertrude a contemplative,—that habitually her soul could and did act towards God at once, without need of preliminaries to set it acting. That habit is what he means by contemplation. Here is his account of its development in her:

She selected out of the Confessions and Meditations of St. Augustine quite a store of affective actuations or aspirations which wonderfully suited her. The manner in which she used these affections was this: She read over and reflected upon the affections, and presently and easily her sensible affections were moved. But the motion did not stop there, but was instantly carried up into the superior soul. The affection having arrived there, the superior soul as it were fed itself therewith towards God; and remained in God and in the feeding and enjoyment as long as the virtue of the motion lasted, which was only for a very short time. This ended, she would again turn to her book and take another affection, and act as before. Thus she continued, taking new affections as often as required, till the time of her recollection was all spent. This practice of prayer produced a recollection of soul and a capacity for internal light which served her for all that concerned her good. It was an exercise that neither Dame Gertrude nor I called sensible devotion as generally understood, because she never remained plunged in sensible devotion, but was carried into devotion of the intellective soul.

After long practice her superior soul came to be habitually well affected towards God, so that she needed no longer her collection of sensible affections. She was able to exercise her superior soul with the affection proper to it; and immediately, without any sensible affections. This state is true contemplation, for it is *a prompt, easy, clear, immediate converse of the intellective soul with the Divinity*, apprehended solely according to the notion of faith (pp. 29, 170, abridged).

This definition of contemplation is made clear by the description which has led up to it; it only repeats in short what has been described at length.

Is it not natural to expect that this habitual contempla-

tive prayer would gradually put an end to her busying herself with all manner of things in the way already described? Yet it did not; and Father Baker deliberately holds that it should not. He spends a page imagining the course some director might have mapped out for her,—in all employments as far as possible to keep her mind intent on God, or on the Sacred Humanity; be in solitude and in silence when possible; keep her eyes modestly cast down; converse only when obedience calls, and if possible, on spiritual things; avoid news for fear of distractions, and employments for fear of solicitude. They all sound the kind of thing we should expect in a contemplative's life. But Father Baker says the effect would have been that she would have gone out of her wits or ruined her health, and confounded her soul (p. 90). Her immediate spiritual Superior, perceiving how much she was engaged in external affairs and conversations, advised her to give a longer time to mental prayer,—“an advice which proceeded only from his own imagination, and was not warranted by any inquiries made of her. But Dame Gertrude saw plainly that she could not do more than she did already. Moreover, she saw that it was God's will that she should act in this manner” (pp. 174-5). So the outward activities went on with little apparent change till her death (at the age of twenty-seven). They were not destroyed, but reduced to good order. Distraction was as necessary for her health and spirit as meat and drink. It is true that in time her profound prayer somewhat quieted or numbed the activity of her imagination and passions, and so she occupied herself less with external things; and after prayer wanted rest rather than distraction. Yet the contrast remained, between the short time given to actual prayer and the long time given to outer interests.

So we have the surprising fact that her prayer was limited deliberately, to a very small portion of the day, and yet that it became contemplative prayer and transformed her life to a high state of sanctity.¹

The heart of the matter lies not in the length nor the method of her prayer, but in her purpose in praying; which hardly appears in the account we have given of her prayer. This purpose was, to do the will of God as far as she knew it. And what she gained out of her prayer, what she pro-

¹ Father Baker says that his own recollection in later life covered only an hour and a half, or even an hour, in the day—including the saying his Mass. (Father Baker's *Confessions*, p. 107.)

gressed in, was not the changing methods we have described, but a steadily growing faithfulness in doing His will, and a steadily growing light to see His will. This growing faithfulness was gained, not by knowledge of methods, but by the constant martyrdom of her own will and embracing of God's will. This was the force that transformed her whole life.

Father Baker had told her to pray in the only way she could. Why should she pray? Because it was God's will that she should. And so she kept to her prayer, in light and in darkness. If once she began to pray, he told her, God would Himself direct her. But why? Why should God show her His will? Not because her prayer was of this kind or that; but He would show her His will because she was trying to do it. Not for her growing learning, but for her growing obedience. On her side, the purpose of her prayer was not to gain skill in distinguishing the whisper of God, but promptness in obeying it. This became her whole spiritual life, her one rule. Notice what God wants you to do, and do it. "Observe your call; that's all in all." Growing fidelity brought greater light, and ease in hearing the call of God. "It is as easy for an interior soul to discern Divine calls as it is to distinguish the sun from the moon" (p. 175).

Father Baker draws much attention to the simplification of the spiritual life in Dame Gertrude—and in other contemplatives—for he fully recognizes that those called to an active life may have to attend to a multiplicity of things which a contemplative passes by.

The contemplative's prayer is itself simple, whatever be the road by which it was reached. Sensible affections, in Dame Gertrude; vocal prayer in the Fathers of the desert; imaginations and reasonings and other forms of meditation,—in all these the words or images or feelings or thoughts are means used to stir the will to act towards God; and this action of the will is the real prayer. If, at length, the will becomes able to dispense with the means, whatever they were, and yet act towards God readily, easily, habitually, then its prayer is what Father Baker calls true contemplation. Instead of all the preliminaries that used to be needed and that took up so much prayer-time, the will has now simply to act. Act and do what? Just what it did before, after being stirred by images and thoughts; but neither then nor now is this easy to describe.

She could not well express it, especially to those who were inexperienced. For contemplative prayer, being spiritual, is not easily explicable; but inferior forms of prayer, being executed in sense, are easier expressed by sense and language (p. 176).

Similarly, her knowledge of God was the simplest, "the truest knowledge of which we are capable in this life, and that is by way of negation—that God is none of those things which we can imagine or conceive." At first we deepen our knowledge of God by thinking of Him in many ways—Father, Creator, Lord; Almighty, All-knowing, Eternal; and many others. But none of these, nor all together, suffice to picture God, and later the soul passes them all by to rest in the one thought that He is more than all that. This thought inspires the 21st chapter of Book III. of the *Imitation*.

Again, her mortification was simplified to the utmost. There was no counting over the tastes and senses and humours, and seeing that each was adequately mortified. Father Baker told her to begin at the root and mortify her will. It was not Make your members do what displeases them, but Make them do what God wills. The formula he gave her was, Do, Refrain, Suffer; Do whatever you are in any way bound to do; Refrain from whatever you are in any way bound to refrain from, by any law or command, human or divine, including the inner light and call received in prayer; Suffer all that God allows to befall you, in mind or body, inwardly or outwardly. For God, and out of love and obedience to Him, did she thus Do, Refrain, Suffer; so that each was an embracing of His will and a giving up of her own will.

There was a like simplification of pious practices. Practices which are not of obligation are simply tools for the soul to use or not use according to her needs. Dame Gertrude's attention was on the needs of her soul and on the Holy Ghost suggesting to her what tool to use, what practice to take up or drop; apart from this, and in themselves, the practices had no interest for her. Not for her was the attitude of mind which keeps an eye on the multiplicity of practices followed by others or recommended in books, and wonders can it not make room in its own life for more of them.

Examination of conscience might well seem a practice obligatory on all. But in Father Baker's view it is only a

tool, a means. We only examine our conscience in order to know our wrong-doing. And we only need to know our wrong-doing in order to be sorry and to amend. Then if we can know it sufficiently for these purposes without examining the conscience, why examine it? An illustration will make clear his meaning. "He asked them, What did you treat of in the way? But they held their peace, for in the way they had disputed among themselves which of them should be the greatest" (St. Mark ix. 32). First, as to the discovery of their sin; it came not from their conscience, but from being in our Lord's presence and seeing how it looked in His eyes; and only because He directed their attention to it. So with contemplative souls: looking to Him in their prayer, they see their wrong-doing more swiftly and more clearly than if they examined their doings by the light of their conscience. For our conscience is a limited light; it is always at some stage of enlightenment, and judges according to the principles it has as yet mastered for distinguishing right and wrong; and therefore may fail to see the more spiritual sins, which yet are quite obvious to God and which He shows us instantly in prayer. Then as to amending the fault which the Apostles had just discovered; the alternatives were, to think of the dispute, and how they had fallen into it, how often it had happened before, how far it was wilful, and why it was wrong—in fact, to deal with it by the light of conscience only; or, on the other hand, to look to Him who had opened their eyes, to see that such talk was a barrier between them, for it was unworthy of Him, and they could not ask Him to sympathize with it; to resolve to give it up, to grieve that they had grieved Him. And here again, Father Baker holds that for contemplative souls this second way of amendment is more effective, doing all the work of the first and far more. And, far more important, it is the way appointed them by God (p. 107).

This is not superseding conscience, but following it. If God offers to show me what I cannot see unaided, my conscience tells me that I am bound to follow His light. It is parallel to the problem of reason and revelation. Once reason sees that God is offering to teach truths that I cannot discover, it is unreasonable to refuse to be taught; reason tells me to listen to His revelation.

Dame Gertrude, therefore, had no examination of conscience, but a continual examining and observing of what

was the Will of God; no mortification but the supreme one of doing His will and accepting His will. Her prayer became simply an intense activity in yielding her own will to Him. This intense prayer was exhausting to nature, and therefore had to be limited to such length of time as her strength allowed; but it was a light to her whole day, a light and a guide that enabled her to see her way and pick her actions with constantly growing ease. It gave her a singleness of outlook, reducing all her anxieties to one—the anxiety to do God's will as far as she knew it. This simplicity it was that made it possible for her to deal with her accumulated bad habits, her scruples, her restlessness and natural weakness. To all these she became indifferent, in the right sense of indifference; that is, not carelessness, but a sureness in ignoring all other considerations and judging them by the one standard that matters, the will of God; embracing all that accorded with His will, labouring to correct all that crossed His will. The scruples remained, and were endured as a sting of the flesh which the Lord saw fit not to take away. The restlessness and debility remained, and were so managed as to minister to rather than hinder her prayer; the labour of managing them was embraced as being His will. The bad habits were attacked and fought down by dint of time; their stubbornness and slowness to yield was accepted as a punishment He had appointed for forming such habits. The prayer by which all these effects were wrought was her daily contemplation; a prayer of peace, tranquil, wordless, but the very opposite of inaction; rather it might be compared to a steady transparent flame of intense heat, achieved by patient labour, compact of energy at work, yet showing no effort because it has already consumed all that resisted it and has turned all that remains into fuel for itself.

J. B. McLAUGHLIN, O.S.B.

CATHOLIC PORT CHAPLAINS FOR MERCHANT SEAMEN

OFTEN the subject of spasmodic reference in the Catholic Press, concern about our undoubted neglect of merchant seamen was seriously revived some two years ago in the *Universe* by an essay by Brother R. F. Anson, O.S.B., contrasting Catholic apathy with non-Catholic zeal in this matter, and in the *Catholic Times* by an article in which the present writer gave a Naval Chaplain's experience of their utter spiritual destitution. Each suggested means of cure. On the presumption that priests are at present unobtainable, Brother Anson favoured increased lay effort in the extension of sailors' clubs and the visiting of ships, work which later, it was hoped, would be completed by the appointment of Port Chaplains. The *Catholic Times* article, on the other hand, strongly contended that priests could now be found and were essential for adequate treatment of the problem, admittedly valuable as is lay-work, without which, indeed, the priest would be severely handicapped.

A summary of the latter article was printed by the *Tablet* and *Universe*, which together published some thirty letters, editorial paragraphs and notes illustrative of the interest aroused. The Jesuit MONTH and *Stella Maris*, the Benedictine *Pax* and *Notes of the Month* of Caldey, and other publications, also took up the matter, with the result that considerable development has since taken place in the spiritual care of the sailor. These efforts have followed the line suggested by Brother Anson, who has founded the Apostleship of the Sea with the blessing of H.H. Pope Pius XI., H.E. Cardinal Bourne, H.E. Cardinal Mercier, H.G. the Archbishop of Glasgow, and other prelates. It has already done magnificent work, notably on the Clyde,¹ and, on a smaller scale, in other ports. The Catholic Young Men's Society, Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, Catholic Women's League, etc., have thrown themselves into the work with their customary zeal. Nevertheless, little or no progress has been made as regards

¹ Though yet in its first days, the Apostleship of the Sea last year boarded 1049 ships in Glasgow alone, where 1,400 visits were made in return by sailors to the Catholic Seamen's Institute. Literature was distributed to 7,000 men, as well as 3,000 pamphlets, explaining the Association, which also keeps 120 men-of-war supplied with Catholic newspapers.

the provision of Port Chaplains. It is to recall this, we contend, much more important side of the new campaign for souls that we now write.

One of the most notable contributions to the discussion appeared in *THE MONTH* under the title, "The Leakage among Catholic Merchant Seamen: a Plea for Establishing an International Chain of Catholic Sailors' Missions." The author, Mr. W. H. Atherton, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D. (Laval), has been connected for eighteen years with the famous Catholic Sailors' Club, Montreal, of which he is now Managing Director. ". . . There should be a mission in every port," he writes. Those interested are asked "to set to work and start, near the sailors' paying-off places, a club-room—however humble—and trust to the future to see its growth realized." In proof, he cites his own great club: "In 1893 we hired one room: now we own our own well-furnished property standing on 5,740 square feet of ground, and we are looking forward to erecting a much larger Club House, up-to-date and comparing favourably with the best of non-Catholic institutes."

In the light of conditions in Great Britain it will be useful to consider in how far we may look to the institution of clubs and the activities of lay-workers as a cure for the appalling condition of seamen in our own ports. We submit the thesis that, although a most desirable adjunct, ever to be worked for, the club and the lay-visitor cannot replace the Port Chaplain in that they are but a palliative (in the case of the club a most expensive one), whereas the appointment of "whole-time" Chaplains affords a total cure, costing little and easy of inception. The former are the necessary complement of the Chaplain's work, and, if no priest can be found, will go far to replace him. But let us not think that it is unnecessary to consider the question of the need of Port Chaplains so long as we obtain support for that of missions or clubs and visitors.

The tendency of many of the letters to the Press is, unfortunately, in this direction. Father Alfred Barry, O.S.F.C., who did splendid work as a Naval Chaplain at Mudros during the war, almost alone goes to the root of the matter in suggesting the appointment of one priest to each large port, exclusively as Port Chaplain, living amongst the men, recognized and given facilities by the Port Authority, and aided by the officially-requested co-operation of steamship companies.

Our own view is that priests in most dioceses affected *can* be found, and, if appointed, will soon form ever-increasing centres for club work and lay-visiting, which will render more permanent, as well as more efficacious, the results of their own work. What is most urgently needed (though not to the exclusion of a lay-apostolate) is the priest, who alone can hear Confessions and say Mass on board. To eliminate the Chaplain is to omit the foundation of the great edifice we hope to erect.

In a word, neither club nor layman can forgive sins or say Mass and give Holy Communion: only by the Sacraments and God's own power can the merchant sailor be dragged from his present surroundings of vice. Club and visitor can suggest; the priest can give. The former tells the weak and starving soul where it can go for sustenance, and encourages it to do so: the priest raises it up there and then and nourishes it. Be it ever remembered that the seaman is often too weak to walk by his own unaided strength, however impelling be the suggestion that he should do so. Moreover, his work and many other difficulties impede him.

The evil to be cured is colossal. We have an enormous number of splendid men, mostly of Irish extraction, originally brought up in the purity and holiness of a Catholic home, once the best of practising Catholics, still retaining a full knowledge and love of their religion. Now, however, by force of their surroundings and our own disgraceful want of spiritual provision for them, they have become utterly neglectful of the care of their souls, and therefore fall easy victims to every temptation, however base.

There are exceptions, but unhappily, of the rarest. All writers on the subject—and they are men in touch with the sea—are absolutely in accord with the statement of one of the first letters of the correspondence that, "except in rare cases, Catholic merchantmen cease to practise their religion from the day they go to sea, often at a tender age." "De facto," writes Father Barry in the *Universe*, "90 per cent of them *don't* avail themselves of the ordinary spiritual facilities when in port." Their irreligious surroundings have proved too much for them, and, as they tell one, they cannot resist the counter-attractions of vice and drink unless they receive encouragement and the direct help of the Sacraments.

Yet how they welcome such assistance when brought to them! The firemen of a Liverpool cargo ship in which the

writer was at sea, between Batoum and Constantinople, kept the middle watch (midnight to 4 a.m.) in a stokehole temperature of 120° in midsummer without touching one drop of water that they might receive Holy Communion in the morning. Fasting until midday, though at work from dawn, is a common practice in the navy when the only opportunity of Holy Communion is at a late Mass.

By one who knows his peculiarities the sailor is very easily handled and brought back to his duties. All that is needed is to search for him and tax him openly. He will rarely of his own initiative seek out the priest. One must never forget that he is essentially an adult child, and full allowance must be made for his extraordinary timidity, induced, as often as not, by a very real shame for his fall from grace, and increased, to a large extent, by his training in discipline and tendency to confuse the priest with the officer. He finds it difficult to approach anyone who "lives aft"—or, more correctly, in most merchant ships, "amidships"—(the officers' quarters). For this reason Catholic Naval Chaplains usually request a cabin "forrard." This timidity, the priest's greatest difficulty, can only be really understood by one who has seen men come to Confession literally pouring with nervous perspiration, summoning all their pluck to make their avowal. How often the Chaplain receives the pathetic excuse: "I wanted to come, Father, but I 'funked it' at the last moment. It's so long since I went. I got as far as your cabin, but I couldn't manage it. I went back to the mess-deck." The material is magnificent and the rough, big-hearted men are absolutely lovable. But it takes a tender and a practised hand to mould them to the will of God. Only the priest can do this. He will invariably receive every assistance from authorities concerned, be they Catholics or not.

This contact, however, can only be made and maintained in the home ports. Ships touch at foreign harbours for but a very short time, during which they are busy working cargo. Even in the exceptional case of an English-speaking priest visiting a vessel—often to find her on the point of sailing—he can never follow up his work and maintain the influence so easily gained. Sometimes failure results at the first attempt to win a soul after years of sin: a second meeting bears fruit. In any case, there is a period of convalescence after the initial cure, during which much encouragement and support are needed in order to procure permanent reforma-

tion. In their home ports, to which they return frequently, are usually the men's families, their Catholic fellow-parishioners, the church and the priest, all of which greatly help at this stage. The visiting of ships in foreign harbours is of course most valuable, whether by priest or layman, but the newly-born child of God has not yet learnt to walk without assistance, and will often stumble again very soon. The prospect of meeting again and again the Chaplain of whom he is no longer fearful and to whose patience he owes so much, will greatly help a man. "Not adrift again, I hope?" "Not me, Father! I told yer Riverince I'd sail straight this time." "Easy enough to steer a steady course, isn't it, once you get your bearings?" These little reminders mean much.

Now, while clubs and lay-visitors are invaluable during this time of convalescence, it must be admitted that they are far less fitted to undertake this intimate guiding of the soul. Only to the priest will the lapsed Catholic, as a rule, give his confidence. Only from him will he brook interference with his private affairs. He expects and welcomes inquiry, however hard it be to reply, but only if it come from the priest. It is not the affair of club officials or lay-visitors, he thinks, to approach him in this way. They exist, in his opinion, to minister to his material comfort, to help him with literature, to give him decent refreshment in decent surroundings and to save him from the harpies, male and female, who haunt the lower type of bar: in a word, to offer him a home when back from sea. Grateful as he is for this care, be there mingled with it too prominently an interest in his soul, he fights shy immediately. A priest visiting a ship, on the other hand, goes there, as all men know, to discover the lapsed and to restore to grace the fallen Catholic. It is his "job." The sailor admires him for doing it and does not resent his interference. Roughly speaking, the difference is that he expects spiritual comfort from the Chaplain, material from the layman. If the former becomes the relieving officer or the latter seem to act the cleric, he is quick to lose his appreciation of both. Let the priest be the doctor, his lay-colleague provide the convalescent home. Being complementary to one another they will work well in concert, but neither can do the work of the other, and the cure must precede the building up to strength.

Again, the club, unlike the Chaplain, will never affect,

much less capture, the worst class of sailor. Such a man has found his pleasure for years in brothel and bar. He will not even give a thought to a club, especially a Catholic one, the ultimate object of which is to bring him to the Sacraments, not merely, as in general institutes, his bodily welfare. Many a time a priest has to follow to fore-castle, or even to stoke-hole, the hardened recalcitrant sinner who refuses to meet him. Can it be expected that this type of man will "clean," as sailors say, and go ashore into a *milieu* foreign to his tastes and with which his conscience makes him feel unfit to mingle? Once he has been restored to self-respect by Confession and Holy Communion he may. But this can only be done by the patient, ship-visiting Port Chaplain.

While most heartily with Dr. Atherton in his desire for the multiplication of clubs, "however humble," we cannot but fear that (in Great Britain especially, where, from lack of funds, they will long remain "humble"), their very "humbleness," in many cases, as past experience has shown, will spell disaster. Only in rare instances, such as that of Montreal, will humble beginnings lead to results of which we may be proud. Very few of our men will enter a tiny club a few paces from a palatial non-Catholic institute offering them concerts, cinemas, billiards, refreshments, etc., establishments backed by large funds such as we can never hope to have. Thus we must recognize that Catholic clubs will be frequented by but a fraction of our sailors, and these the better Catholics. *As a substitute for Port Chaplains* they will be absolutely inadequate. Their failure would do great harm and much money would have been wasted which would have supported many times over a Port Chaplain in the same locality.

Though strikingly generous, our small Catholic community in Great Britain will not for decades be able to found and keep in being any large system of port clubs. Yet it could easily maintain a body of Chaplains who would be supported by the true complement of their work, Catholic lay effort, everywhere active in visiting ships, here and there also able to open satisfactory clubs. Such help could be given without increased expense, at least as regards visiting, by our many zealous organizations.

Indeed, this question of expense alone—apart from their limited spiritual influence—seems prohibitive of extensive success in the cure of existing evils by clubs rather than priests. We should need fifty such clubs as that of Montreal. Whence is the money to come?

Personnel, likewise, offers great difficulty. In each port we should require a considerable number of voluntary workers. Clubs must be "alive." In these days of frequent amusement, the sailor, childlike, is quite unable usefully to employ his leisure, and, unless he is to become utterly wearied and placed in danger of seeking sinful pleasure with which to fill his time, must be provided with that which interests him. Besides the cost, this necessitates a large personnel. Where is it to be obtained?—a query which also applies in its measure to the provision of lay-visitors. Our zealous lay-folk are mostly busy people who, with all their good will, could not find time to give themselves to the sailors' interests to the extent which is required if many clubs are to be looked after by frequent relays of workers.

Now, both the continuity of the required supervision and the intimate contact necessary for the reparation of shattered lives can be guaranteed if "whole-time" Port Chaplains be appointed, who alone can seek out and influence effectively the timid lapsed Catholic, longing to be "put straight," fearful of taking the initial steps himself. If such priests can be assisted by lay-visitors and clubs their work will be all the more successful and enduring. But the very inception of the cure of our crying scandal rests upon the nomination in each important port of a tactful priest, who will board ships and request permission of Masters to discover and interview the Catholics and hear Confessions and say Mass *on board*. In this way their holy religion will be brought to those who, despite every advice, are too shy, or perhaps too neglectful, to seek it in strange surroundings. Any priest who has done this work will testify that, wearisome as it is to have to "chase" and "dig out" the men, once they have been encountered, even against their will, they are very easily put at their ease with a joke or two, their timidity vanishes and the Devil loses his hold upon them. Over 90 per cent, often indeed 100 per cent, will then come to Confession and Holy Communion, and the parting remark of the maritime penitent is usually: "Thank you very much, Father. I'm jolly glad I came."

As often as not the Chaplain starts with a collective refusal of his help, generally couched in the ancient formula, "We shall all go to our duties when we return home." But experience soon teaches the sea-going priest never to take "No" for an answer. A little patient persistence, tempered

with humour, will soon change the sailor's mind, or rather will cause him to retract his refusal and reveal his longing to reform. Seventeen Catholics gave the writer this answer in a Liverpool ship at Constantinople. A little cajoling brought sixteen to the Altar. So grateful were the men that they petitioned the captain for a five shilling advance from each man's pay. Only with great difficulty were they persuaded to send the money to a charity instead of making the Chaplain accept it "for his kindness." Similarly, of 155 Catholics in 19 destroyers and their depôt ship, 150 came to Holy Communion when individually persuaded. In a battleship of 81 Catholics (exclusive of Maltese ratings, who invariably await return to Malta, and as invariably go to their duties there), it required personal contact to change the 16 volunteers into 70 Communicants, 3 refusing, 8 losing courage at the last moment. In another ship, 15 came without difficulty: a few words with each of the remainder made the number 62. Naval and Mercantile Marine ratings do not differ appreciably in characteristics, and these instances show that the spiritual authority of the priest will bring about immediate results, which can be obtained only in part and at great expense by large organizations of laymen, which even the ever-open purse of British Catholicism cannot hope to maintain.

The practical point is, of course, whether these priests can be appointed and, if so, how they are to be supported. The writer has received many letters indicating maintenance as the insuperable difficulty. Surely the answer is: "The nearest presbytery will provide the roof: the sailors the food and the raiment." "As for funds," writes Father Barry in the *Universe*, "there need be no fear. I have never met generosity equal to that of the sailor, and, in particular, of that forgotten class, the stokers, the most generous of all."¹ Steamship companies and the public will help, and it must not be forgotten that there will be a quite proportionate increase in collections in dockyard churches. Once the men are brought back to their duties they will lose their shyness and, of necessity, attend Sunday Mass in ever greater numbers, for where the crowd leads the sailor follows.

As to the crucial matter of appointment—for it is useless

¹ As an example we may mention that the Catholics of the Mediterranean Fleet have recently subscribed £110 for the Education to the Priesthood of a student at Osterley, and have collected £40 towards a second—£150 in all.

to write about Chaplains' expenses unless we can find them, and, if we cannot, admittedly their work must be done to a limited extent by the only less valuable club or visitor—what *can* be delaying their nomination? It is certain the work cannot be left to the overloaded dockyard priest. Even had he leisure, it would not be much better, for Chaplains are needed who can give their entire time. Often, indeed, the "whole-time" priest cannot cope with all the shipping in a large harbour, for he can hear Confessions in but six vessels (or for but six groups of ships) each week, Saturday evening and Sunday morning being reserved for shore facilities for all crafts. It takes hours to discover and interview the Catholics of a merchantman, as, unlike men-of-war, they carry no religious roll. Irish and foreign names and places of origin must be picked out from the ship's "articles," those thus found indicating others overlooked. Visiting during working hours, furthermore, is often impossible. Spare time will be filled by duty calls on masters, making arrangements and visiting families, or men of ships "paid off."

Therefore we must look elsewhere for our "whole-time" Port Chaplains, independent of all other work. We are told they are not to be found! Yet our zeal provides priests for every other need, new missions, convent chaplaincies, etc. It is true that our Port Chaplains must be picked men, physically and temperamentally suited to work among the strange, clannish, neglected inhabitants of the fore-castle, men who possess the quadruple combination of robust health, boundless zeal, tact, and patience surpassing the patience of Job. Are such unobtainable?

Among those who can be spared from less important work we can certainly find these priests. We have, in fact, one large reservoir of suitable clergy, the stalwart body of ex-War Chaplains, for the most part young but experienced priests, tried in the crucible of battle, and proven. There are a large number in Great Britain, even if we deduct those furnished by the monastic Orders, Ireland and the Colonies. The very dioceses which now so badly need Port Missionaries are those which, in several cases during the war, were able to spare twenty or thirty priests for years of work outside the diocese on active service. Cannot they now make the far lesser sacrifice of detaching one or two of them from less useful work and give them, still in their diocese, but on its quays instead of in its parishes, this, which calls for just those

qualities which they displayed so well to an admiring world throughout the war? They have lived amongst *men* in rough surroundings. They know their virtues, vices and peculiarities: above all, they are experts in that curious mob-psychology which leads a man, when among others, to act in a manner of which he would be wholly ashamed were he alone or in his home environment—a phenomenon which prompts the despairing remark so often heard afloat, "I shall go to my duties when I retire and return to civilization: religion is a mockery here: a man can't keep straight."

Freed from other work, some of the ex-War Chaplains can thus be loosed upon the Devil that rules at sea. There, in our home ports, knee-deep in the vilest sin, sick at heart perhaps, but fighting manfully, cleansing a very Augean stable, will they do in one hour work which would not come their way in a year in the busiest of parishes. Truly a hard but a glorious life, dear to the soul of a priest, one with quick returns and limitless profit for his expenditure of zeal.

"Why, oh why," cry the men of the sea; "why are they not appointed?"

We appeal, then, most earnestly that the deplorable scandal of our neglect of the seamen and firemen of our glorious Mercantile Marine may be remedied at once. We submit that the only certain cure is the immediate provision of "whole-time" Port Chaplains, if possible, priests who have served in the war. Many of these, we are convinced, could be spared from less important duties, since, to us, as a maritime race, the care of our thousands of sailors cannot but be one of our gravest obligations. We fully recognize the value of seamen's clubs and the devoted zeal of lay-visitors. We wish to see the work of each extended wherever it offers reasonable prospects of success. We suggest, however, that these measures are more difficult of inception and continuance, and that neither can do the work of the priest. We therefore pray and work for both, perhaps, some day, to be joined up in one great Society of Catholic Missions to Seamen, but we feel most strongly that the urgent need of the moment is for priests, and that this is being lost sight of to a great extent in the splendid work already begun in the activities of Catholic clubs and lay-visitors.

F. KERR McCLEMENT.

BISHOP GORE ONCE MORE

A GLANCE at THE MONTH Index will show that, owing to his high character and scholarly reputation, the writings and addresses of Bishop Gore have from time to time been chosen to illustrate the development of theological thought in the Anglican Establishment. In spite of his resignation of his See, he still serves, better than anyone else, to indicate the "Present Position of 'Anglo-Catholics,'" and for that reason the Advent sermons, which he delivered in Grosvenor Chapel, and which were published in three December issues of the *Church Times*, are of more than ordinary importance, as proving that "Anglo-Catholicism" is radically the same as Protestantism. Let us make this plain. It has always been maintained by Catholics, uninterruptedly through all the centuries of her teaching, that the Church is a visible society, of divine foundation, the ark of salvation safeguarded from error by the Holy Spirit. If words counted for everything we should have to welcome Dr. Gore as a thorough-going Catholic, for he looks on "the establishment of a *visible society* as the *one divinely constituted home of the great salvation, held together not merely by the inward Spirit*, but also by certain manifest and external institutions."¹ But having delivered himself of this statement, Dr. Gore proceeds to lose sight of its consequences, and after some confused thinking, unfounded—though very emphatic—assertion and hardly decent invective, he arrives at no conclusion except to urge his hearers to "live in the sense of that deep and high [*sic*] unity subsisting at the heart of our wearisome divisions."

A logical mind would surely argue that if there is but "one divinely constituted home of the great salvation," then outside that divinely constituted home there is no salvation. If Christ founded His Church to be the one home of the great salvation, Christ's ministers cannot hope to improve on Christ's own mission: they are bound to teach the same doctrine. Now membership of the Church has always meant, as Dr. Gore admits, submission to the proper authority. It seems illogical, therefore, for Dr. Gore to condemn as the

¹ Italics throughout are the writer's.

climax of imperialism the pronouncement of Boniface VIII. in 1302, that "it is altogether necessary to salvation for every human creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff." To refuse submission in matters of religion to the Supreme Pontiff is to cease to be a member of the Church of which he is head, and thus to put oneself outside "the divinely constituted home of the great salvation." Of course, Dr. Gore will urge that Boniface was not the supreme head of Christ's Church. He will find it difficult to point out who else was.

In truth, Dr. Gore seems not to know his own mind. He urges submission to proper authority, but he will have none of it himself. He quotes with approval St. Thomas Aquinas, saying that "The Holy Catholic Church is the organ and vessel of the Spirit. That is the Divine idea." We should naturally infer that the authority of the Church—ecclesiastical authority—is none other than the authority of the Spirit. Yet Dr. Gore writes: "To accept ecclesiastical authority in place of the best judgment of my own reason would be an impossible treason against the light."¹ If Dr. Gore is consistent he must allow the same liberty of judgment to others, and there is an end to any hope of unity. The Infallible Word of Scripture will not help because it is open to each reader to follow his own reason in deciding what books of the Bible are canonical. Nowhere does Christ or His Apostles state what books form the Bible. Apart from ecclesiastical authority, individual minds will come to the most varied conclusions; and apparently they will be sinning against the light if they do not prefer "their own best judgment" to the judgment of the Church. Again, the vast collections of commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures reveal the difficulties that confront the interpreter. The Spirit can and does reveal through His organ and vessel—the Church—what He means by His own Infallible Word. But on Dr. Gore's hypothesis, ecclesiastical authority, and therefore the Spirit, must yield before the individual's judgment. In other words, the Spirit must conform to our ways of thinking. If we approve of the Spirit, then we can cajole ourselves into the deception that we are submissive, but if we do not approve, then to accept His authority would be "an impossible treason against the light."

Is it possible for a visible society to exist without a head? Dr. Gore would like us to think of the Universal Church as

¹ See *Church Times*, Jan. 12, 1923, p. 33.

I. consisting of "different types with some markedly different features," all being communions belonging to the one visible "Catholic" Church, "in spite of their having lost intercommunion." Here it is useful to observe what kind of a society the Church is. In St. Paul's language it is a "body"—a "mystical body," to adopt the customary phraseology. It is impossible, with St. Paul's repeated insistence on the doctrine of the Mystical Body before one's eyes, to think of communions, belonging to the same Body, which have no intercommunion. Members of a body that are not connected with the other members are paralysed. They may maintain the outward semblance of members, but they cannot serve the body, they cannot function at all. Hence to speak of communions which are out of communion with other communions in the same Body is equivalent to saying that of those communions some, if not all, are no longer living members of the Body—the "Catholic" Church.

But it is really idle to style, as Dr. Gore does, the Roman Church and the Anglican Church (to take only two) communions of the one visible Church. How can one speak of communion where there is mutual opposition on fundamentals? With Catholics the Supremacy of the Pope is as fundamental as its denial is amongst the Anglicans. With Catholics the real Sacrifice of the Mass, the doctrine of transubstantiation are cardinal points of dogma which are violently controverted and for the most part emphatically denied by Anglicans. The one visible Church is capable of admitting "different types"—but let us not be deceived into mistaking radical contradiction for mere difference in type.

Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that these radically opposed communions are really members of the one visible Church. How is unity to be secured? Dr. Gore explains that there are three links which serve to unite them. The first is the Word of God—what we are more than surprised and pleased to find him calling in another column the *infallible* Book. Heretofore, Dr. Gore, as much as any, has striven to repudiate the infallibility of the Bible. Is this a possible link? Sad experience has shown that the infallible Book in the hands of its readers and exegetes has given rise to doctrines diametrically opposed. If private judgment and not authentic interpretation is to be the key to these differences, short shrift is made of the Book's infallibility. With-

out a living and infallible voice to interpret the dead infallible Book, the Word of God will not secure unity.

The second link is the Sacraments—a strong link undoubtedly if all agree as to what are Sacraments, and what are not, and what is their nature and function. At present, all do not make use of the same Sacraments. The necessity of a divinely-guided Head, recognized by all the "Communions," is manifest if agreement is to be secured as to the number of Sacraments and the conditions of valid administration. Left to themselves, each prefers his own interpretation. Their witness is not in agreement. The intention of Christ with regard to the sacramental system becomes a barrier instead of a link.

The same holds good of the third link—"the institution of the apostolic ministry, in connection with which all members of the body must remain." The Anglicans claim by the validity of their Orders a direct succession from the apostolic ministry: a claim which, in 1896, the Catholic Church, *by an irreformable judgment*, has finally rejected. The result is that, on the "Branch theory," Christ has founded a visible Church, but has failed to provide means for settling the question, "who are the members of this Church which is visible?" As Dr. Gore realizes, "all members of the body must remain in communion with the apostolic ministry"; but for many, who are not Catholics, the apostolic ministry is by no means a certain and visible element. If the apostolic ministry is not certain, the visibility of Christ's Church is wellnigh extinguished.

The necessity of a supreme head who will speak with the infallible voice of Christ and settle all the doubts that touch on faith and morals is apparent. The Church of Christ, more than any other visible society, needs a head whose judgments shall be final, not final because of the resources of human wisdom—for the Church is not a human institution—but because of the infallible assistance of its divine Founder. A Supreme Pontiff is the inevitable deduction from Dr. Gore's own premisses. But he will not admit a Supreme Pontiff, either now or in the beginning. He will not admit that Christ appointed St. Peter to be the Supreme Pontiff, the head of the Church. On the other hand, he does admit that "Our Lord, who shows elsewhere His profound sense of the *need* of a strong foundation for a spiritual fabric, appears in this passage [Matt. xvi.] as determined to find it in *men*, not in

documents . . . He sees in Simon son of Jona . . . something on which He can build. So he hails him: 'Thou art Peter [rock-man], and on this rock I will build my Church.'"¹ Here our Lord makes a definite promise to Peter, which He makes to Peter alone of all the Apostles. He promises and gives the other Apostles, together with Peter, the power to forgive and to retain sins. But to Peter alone is the promise given of being the rock: to him alone does Christ promise the keys with the power, as Dr. Gore explains it, "to interpret the Divine Law." Equally so to no other Apostle but Peter does Christ give the command, "Feed my *lambs*. Feed my *sheep*." Only by torturing Christ's words can they be twisted out of their obvious meaning of conferring primacy on Peter. Nevertheless, Dr. Gore says quite roundly: "The idea of any official authority being given to Peter over and above what was given to all the Apostles *has no support at all*."

After such a statement one need not be surprised at the equally unfounded repudiation of the continued primacy contained in the emphatic declaration that "the East never acknowledged the Roman claim of a divinely-granted supremacy. Here we must traverse old ground dusty with the struggles of controversy. Amongst other Eastern evidence of the Roman supremacy it will be sufficient here to refer to the Councils of Ephesus (A.D. 431) and Chalcedon (A.D. 451). Previous to the Council of Ephesus, which deposed Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, Cyril the Patriarch of Alexandria wrote to Pope Celestine, asking for instructions, in the following language:

Since it is the ancient custom of the Churches that affairs of this nature should be communicated to your holiness, I am compelled by necessity to write and tell you [about Nestorius]. . . . We have not openly and publicly separated from communion with him before communicating the matter to your holiness. Be pleased therefore to prescribe what appears right: ought we to communicate with him or ought we openly to forbid people to hold communion with him?²

Apropos of the "ancient custom" to which Cyril refers, it may not be altogether irrelevant to notice a rescript of

¹ Elsewhere Dr. Gore speaks of Scripture as "enthroned in the highest place of controlling authority in the Church,"—an echo, surely, of "the Bible and the Bible only."

² Mansi iv. 1011—1015.

Pope Innocent I. to the Council of Carthage in A.D. 417. Innocent tells the Council that, in writing to Rome, they are

preserving the example of ancient tradition and following out ecclesiastical discipline. . . . It was the established practice of the Fathers not to come to a final decision, even though the matter under discussion concerned disjoined and remote provinces, until this See had been acquainted with the matter in order that their decision should be strengthened by the authority of this See and that thence the other Churches might derive information as to what they were to order, etc., (just as all waters issue from out their native source and flow over the different regions of the whole earth, untainted from a pure head).¹

Cyril, then, is acting in accordance with custom in submitting the case of Nestorius to Rome. Rome condemns Nestorius: Rome appoints a time limit when the condemnation is to take effect. Rome appoints Cyril as its delegate to see that its sentence is carried into effect.² The 198 bishops who sign the sentence of deposition testify that they are "*compelled* [to do so] by the sacred canons and the letter of our most holy father and fellow minister Celestine, bishop of the Roman church"; and these are Eastern bishops and the bishop who is condemned is the Patriarch of Constantinople. Finally, Philip, the Pope's priest-legate, before confirming the Council's deposition in the name of the Pope, is listened to without dissent as he declares:

It is known to all ages that holy and blessed Peter, the Prince and head of the Apostles, the pillar of the Faith and the foundation of the Catholic Church, received from Our Lord Jesus Christ the keys of the Kingdom . . . who up to this time and always lives in his successors and gives judgment. His successor therefore and representative, our holy and most blessed Pope, the bishop Celestine, has sent us to this holy synod to supply his place.⁴

Chalcedon, like Ephesus, is well-worn ground in the controversy over Papal Supremacy. We can be brief. In the first place, no exception is taken to Pope Leo's delegate when he rises to say: "We have in our hands the orders of the most blessed and apostolic man, pope of the city of Rome *which* [*qui* and *quae* in different MSS.] *is the head of all the Churches.*"⁵ No exception is taken to Lucentius, when in

¹ Mansi iii. 1071.

² Mansi iv. 1212.

³ Mansi vi. 579.

⁴ Mansi iv. 1019.

⁵ Mansi iv. 1296.

his accusation of Dioscorus he says that the holding of a synod without the authority of the Apostolic See "has never been allowed and has never been done."¹ This, it may be urged, is negative evidence. Nevertheless, the force of its implications is not thereby destroyed. However, very positive evidence is not lacking. The deposed Bishop Theodoretus is admitted to the synod "because the most holy archbishop Leo has restored to him his bishopric."² By what right, it may well be asked, does a Western bishop restore the bishopric of Cyrus to Theodoretus? There can be but one answer. This Western bishop is head of the Church and his supremacy is acknowledged by Chalcedon: as much by the Emperors Valentinian and Marcian, who convened the synod, as by the synod itself. The joint letter of the Emperors addresses the Pope as "Your holiness, bishop and primate" (*ἐπισκοπούσαν καὶ ἀρχουσάν*) and looks for the removal of all error by a synod to be held "with you as president" (*σοῦ αὐθεντοῦντος*).³ The synod itself, in the account it submits to the Pope of its proceedings, speaks of him as "the interpreter for all of the voice of Blessed Peter." He is the "divinely appointed Guardian of the Vine." He is the "parent" and "head," they are the children.⁴ Dr. Gore gives no hint of all this except it be covered in an off-hand concession—of no value—that "Easterns when hard pressed and needing the help of Rome, did from time to time seek to conciliate the Pope by the use of phrases such as would please him. That is the Eastern way, we know." Dr. Gore prefers to rely on the celebrated 28th Canon of Chalcedon. It is a broken reed. It was not passed by an œcumenical council, as Dr. Gore maintains. No council can be considered œcumenical from which official representation of Rome is absent. But when the 28th Canon was passed the Roman legates were not present. The meeting was without ecclesiastical head. Furthermore, quite half (about 200) of the bishops were absent.

It was within the power of Rome to ratify the Canon. But in spite of urgent entreaties, Pope Leo steadfastly refused. He called to order Anatolius, the ambitious occupant of the See of Constantinople, holding over him a threat of excommunication.⁵ Anatolius replied in the most submissive of terms, promising to obey Leo's wishes. "Far be it from

¹ Mansi vi. 582.

² Mansi vi. 93.

³ Mansi vi. 198.

⁴ Mansi vi. 590.

⁵ Mansi vi. 155 or 147.

me to oppose whatsoever you have commanded me in your letters."¹ Is this the language of equals or the submission of subject to head? Leo's refusal to ratify the 28th Canon had one other very significant effect. The Canon is omitted—clearly as of no force—in the Roman and Western, as also in the ancient Greek collections. Still, as far as the Papal Supremacy is concerned, the ratification of the 28th Canon would have been irrelevant: it was not on these grounds that the Canon was annulled. The Canon does not concede a primacy of jurisdiction to Constantinople. It hardly grants a primacy of honour unless it be considered a primacy to come *next* after Rome. The Canon states that equal privileges of honour (τὰ ἴσα πρεσβεία) are decreed to new Rome as to old Rome, "new Rome coming second after older Rome" (δευτέραν μετ' ἐκείνην ὑπάρχουσαν). The distinction between the primacy and privileges of honour is clear in the declaration to which the Fathers assent in the 16th Session: "All primacy and the principal honour is preserved according to the Canons to the dearly beloved of God, the archbishop of ancient Rome, but it is right that the most holy archbishop of royal Constantinople, the new Rome, should enjoy the same privileges of honour."²

Space does not permit of a further and detailed consideration of Dr. Gore's sermons. His bitterness against the Catholic Church must indeed be intense when he can throw aside his mantle of scholarship to wield the time-worn argument of Galileo and the heliocentric astronomy. And he persists in serving up the errors of his "Roman Catholic claims," in spite of the fact that they have been corrected by Dom John Chapman, O.S.B. If this is the measure of his critical judgment one need not be surprised at his other statements that Rome's development has been "one-sided," "autocratic," alienating "much of the best intelligence and morality of Europe"³: "Rome has been the chief spiritual misleader of Europe": "For about two centuries Rome was again [by its attitude to science] the great misleader," and so on. Nevertheless, Dr. Gore does realize that "even a perfect expression of the mind of Christ would not, any more than when Christ was on earth, win the allegiance of all men." He contrasts the "majestic order and unity of practice

¹ Mansi vi. 277.

² Mansi vii. 452.

³ "Have any of the chief men believed in Him or of the Pharisees?" asked the Jews scornfully (John vii. 48).

of the Roman Church" with the "Anglican disorder," and I suppose he will hardly deny us a unity of dogma—significant concessions in the light of his own statement that "if anything is certain, it is certain that *visible unity* in the Church of His disciples was the will of Christ."

For so many non-Catholics, Authority is the chief stumbling block. In a vague way they know that Christ sent His disciples to "go forth and *teach*." An *ecclesia docens* is of the essence of Christianity. But the tendency is to shirk the obligation of "docility"—to become as little children. This is natural and inevitable in men who are not convinced that Christ is with His Church through all days; that the Church is safeguarded from teaching error by the Holy Spirit: that the gates of Hell will never prevail against it. But Dr. Gore is not of the number of such men. He knows his Scriptures and he believes in their infallibility. Yet from them he evolves nothing but contradictions. Having admitted that the Church is held together "by the inward Spirit," he later maintains that Protestant Churches, though they were "violating fundamental principles of *Catholicism* as it had been from the beginning . . . are proved by their fruits to be *at least* as true parts of the Church as any ever planted." So that the Holy Spirit shelters and unites in the one Church of Christ both those who observe and those who violate the fundamental principles of Christ.

A perplexed disciple of Dr. Gore might well say to his master: "Show us this visible Church, indestructible, against which the gates of death shall not prevail! Is it Protestantism?" Dr. Gore answers: "Protestantism means continuous disruption." "Protestantism in its Continental homes has been a profound disappointment." "English and American Protestantism presents a deplorable picture. So do the young Churches of China and Japan, of India and Africa; for there, too, we have propagated our differences." "Can it then be Anglicanism?" the inquirer continues. Again, Dr. Gore's sermons supply him with discouragement. "I confess that the history of the Anglican Church fills me with profound humiliation. . . . I find its continuous Erastianism, its complacent nationalism, its frequent deafness to the most urgent and obvious moral calls, its long-continued identification of itself with the interests and tastes of the 'upper classes' . . . depressing and humiliating. . . . Having so faithlessly merged its spiritual authority in that

of the State, and abandoned its liberty of action into the hands of the State, it now finds itself, when the State has become impartial or indifferent in matters of religion, a scene of indiscipline which would be discreditable to any society, and is so much more in a Christian Church." Should the inquirer thus answered be inclined to think that there is much to be said for Rome's authority and its unity of practice, he is met with this challenge from Dr. Gore: "Have you the right by an act of your own private judgment to prefer the Roman argument to the argument against the exclusive claims of Rome which has seemed to some of the best and wisest men so conclusive?" And so we come back to the old distinction between reason as a guide to Truth and reason as the measure of Truth, between private judgment leading up to Divine authority and private judgment presuming to criticize Divine authority, the distinction between Catholic and Protestant, the choice between the Pope and Luther. Dr. Gore would defer to authority so long as it is not infallible. The Catholic is not so unreasonable.

L. D. MURPHY.

FALLEN LEAVES

II. BRACHYMEDON.

[NOTE.—Owing to pressure of Christmas work, the first instalment of this story was insufficiently revised, and required a note of explanation, clumsy though any such method be. If the first Medon be thought of as coming south in the year 1500 B.C., when he was 35, and his son, the second Medon, 10, Brachymedon will have been born about 1470, and killed his father in 1450. His own death will occur in 1390. The immigrants came, of course, from the mountains to the north of what was afterwards "Greece," and Brachymedon reaches what was later the north coast of the gulf of Corinth. After this, it is hoped that the geography will be familiar. Involved in any such account are certain theories, ethnological and other, to which the writer commits himself wholly, in part, or not at all. Thus he is committed that the future Greeks entered their destined home from the North, by two main routes, southwards along the east coast of the Adriatic, and southwards by way of the pass of the Tempe. They also of course went south-east and crossed the Dardanelles and entered thus "Asia Minor." A theory, however, like the origin of the name of Pytho in this chapter, is no more than tentative; while the account of the gradual unification of the dwellers in Attika, later on, is not offered as certain. However, what illustrates the character of the Greek spirit is, we hope, truthful; and the archæology may be taken to be as accurate as possible. The writer's aim, however, is not the creation of another text-book.—C.C.M.]

NO sooner, however, did Brachymedon go thus forward into the wood, after throwing some branches over his mother's corpse, than he became anxious and was not free at all. He wandered restlessly for the most of one day, and then came back to see what had happened to his mother. Her foot was protruding from the leaves, and this reassured him. He threw a large stone on to the branches and left her again; but when he felt himself dragged back next morning to look once more at the dead woman, she had been stolen away. He knew it must be the wolves; yet he could not but fear that she had been able to drag herself out of the branches and the stones, and was always running this way and that, a little behind him. However, at least the power that kept leading him back to his

mother's corpse had withdrawn itself, and he was at last really free to go where he would.

He went down through the gorges and avoided the signs of human life. Directly he caught sight of smoke, or even of trodden paths, he turned upwards again into the mountain. He was skilful at treading the most precipitous tracks, and the acorns and the chestnuts were ample food. He had a bow, but it was very rare that he used it to get food for himself. He had the pleasure of the hunt, and would mostly leave his quarry dead upon the ground, having first offered it to the Queen of all such adventures. Besides, he had a great love for the animals of the mountains, and could talk with wolf and boar, and they never molested him. Once, indeed, when he had twisted some muscle, and had to remain inactive for two days, in a cave, a wolf made friends with him, and kept returning to him, and scampered around him as he went.

In this way he spent many months, all alone in the woods, but driven by his fate, without knowing, always nearer to the south and the long inlet of the sea.

At last he came, still without knowing it, to the edge of the forest. He was pursuing a wild boar, not intending to kill it, even if the chance was good, but just for the joy of running. The wolf galloped frantically at his side. The boar took a course towards an opening, and then suddenly there was a crash of boughs and leaves, and he vanished. He had plunged wildly forward without being able to see that the ground stopped short at the edge of a high rock, for brambles of all sorts masked the emptiness, and he had leapt into air. The man himself was able to halt in time, and stood rigid on the brink.

For in all his life he had never seen anything like this. He was on the threshold of some home of gods. Away from the foot of the great rock he saw a widening, bright plain, green and gold and red, and beyond it, from this side to that, a strip of blue that flashed and dazzled and never was still a moment. Beyond that again, for he had the sun full in his eyes, he could but see that the world heaped itself up into distant hills of shadow. He stood, turned as it were into the rock itself, beneath the incomparable vision of green and gold and blue, a new world, an airy open world, full of spirits flashing to and fro, so swift that the eye could see nothing of them, a world of gods, not men.

Yet in the fields below him there were men in plenty,

and they, too, at the first sight of Brachymedon, stood smitten motionless.

He was standing there, against the terrible black shadow of the forest, and the sun was full upon him. The goat-skin, hanging from his neck by the two fore-paws knotted together, had swung round and fell straight from his shoulders; the sun blazed in his yellow hair, and the fine down of gold that was spread upon his limbs, shone like light itself all over him. His body, hardened by his life among the rocks, but as it were bleached by his shunning of open places, gleamed white beneath the gold. He was a man of glory; a golden man, like the divine Medon, standing there, all golden, long ago upon the northern rocks. The wolf gave a sudden howl, and sprang back into the wood.

"Lukeié! Lukeié!" shrieked the labourers, and scattered to right and left. They had seen the Wolf God, the savage destroyer of beast and man, Apollo, to whom tribes of one blood with themselves gave special worship. So they fled, for they could not look on such a god and live. But after a space, they halted, and timidly turned round to see if he pursued them. But he still stood there, a golden god upon the cliff-top.

For when the labourers had called Lukeié, thunder had roared in his head, and his eyes were blinded with a lightning more violent than the streaming sunlight. He knew those voices. . . . The words rang within his own skull; he could not move, nor fly, as he wanted to, back into the forest.

Suddenly he called his own true name of "Medon." He called it again and again, *Medon*, *Medon*, and at the last, added to it another name, Dios Medon; Medon, god-begotten; Medon, son of Zeus.

The country-folk began to steal back; they kept falling flat, to worship; little by little, they came quite close; and on a sudden, the man swung himself down the crag, so lightly, so careless of any place to hold by, of any rest for foot, that he seemed to the labourers to float in air, and they fell again, in bewilderment, to worship.

When he was among them, they kept trooping nearer and nearer to him, but dared not touch him. "Wolf-god, Wolf-god," they kept calling, adding to the cry, "Achaioi, Achaioi"; and that, too, made flashings and roarings spring to and fro in his head, for he remembered the words on the lips of his father, and knew that they concerned himself, and

sweated with his will to flee; but a force bound his feet to go only forward to the labourers.

He saw that they were men very like himself, except for his huge stature; their hair was yellow, and their eyes held all the colours of the sea when the sun is veiled. They went naked, except for a few who wore white cloths twisted round them, and their hair hung loose, like his own, upon their shoulders. In their hands they held wooden staves, some long, and others quite short, with shining teeth fixed to the end.

He could see, as he went surrounded by the labourers chattering like birds, that they were on their way to a number of little huts not so well built, even, as the swine-herd's had been, for these were of rushes, woven, and some had hides pegged across them; and great stones leaned against the door-posts, which were of wood, or held down the ends of twisted thongs which were tied to the corners of the hides. Beyond these huts, there was a pile of stones so tremendous that he thought it was a mountain; and indeed it was piled over a hillock rising in the plain at the entrance to a ravine up which a road went, and it pointed towards the water. But the stones stood straight, and since no man could have put them there, so huge were they, he saw that gods must have piled them, and he understood that he was drawing near a god's house.

But first they led him into one of the more firmly builded huts, and there they washed him all over in water warming in a cauldron, and gave him a drink to swallow that brought a mist down upon his mind, and he let them do as they pleased with him. They had, indeed, altered their opinion, and knew, now, that he was not the wolf-god, for the wolf had gone back into the forest; besides, he was like a child in their hands, and they turned him this way and that, and saw that he was a man. All the same, he was no ordinary man, but a son of gods, and indeed it seemed to them assured he was the offspring of the All-Ruler, and they were in great awe of him.

Then they took him forth and led him to the house of the king of that district. As they went, crowds of children ran beside them, yellow-haired for the most part, until they reached the huts that were built nearer to the hill with the great rock-house on it. There the women at the doors were different, and the children were black-haired like their mothers. There were very few men to be seen; they were

away upon a hunt; but Brachymedon was too dazed to wonder except at the strange clothing of the women. They wore skirts like rings of stuff sewn together, hanging from their waists only; the dress of the Achaean women was pinned over their shoulders, and this seemed right to Brachymedon. Also the hair of the women in the hut-doors seemed to him foolish; it was gathered in great bunches, this side and that of their heads; the first women he had met left it to hang loose, like the men's.

When he came near the hill, they led him up a road that was built, sloping upwards, alongside of the wall, which was made of enormous stones and rose tremendous on his right. After a while, another wall upon his left hid the valley from him; men looked at him from the top of this wall and from the taller wall on his right, and he began once more to feel afraid. Half way up the slope, a great gateway built across it had to be passed; but the folding wooden gates stood open, and there were no guards beside them. At the top of the ascent, he turned to the right, through a tangle of stone walls and gateways; and then, going back upon his traces, he passed under another great gateway into a stone-paved court. It seemed enormous to his eyes, and as though he would never cross it. A roof supported by pillars ran round three sides of the yard, and under the roof, here and there, were horses. A few men in loin-cloths, with their hair knotted in a bunch over the middle of their forehead, were moving among these. Brachymedon could not understand what they were holding, or doing. Everything flashed. His eyes filled with tears of fear and of rage.

Two great buildings stood up before him, closing in the far side of the yard. The sun shone full upon them; they were built of grey stone; but the front of the larger house, on the left, was dazzling with red and white on which he could scarcely bear to look. It, too, had a projecting roof running across the front at about half the height of the building, upheld by four pillars like pointed wooden stakes, resting in sockets each made of one great stone. On other stones, white and polished, each side of the door, a few old men were sitting. They wore coloured kilts, and cloaks hung round their shoulders. At none of this had Brachymedon time to look properly, and he was too frightened to see even what his eyes might have shown him.

He passed through a vestibule which ran right across the house, and halted in front of a tall folding-door on either

side of which a man was standing as guard. The Achaeans with him entered into talk with these two guards, and he had time to look around him.

One of these soldiers went into the house through the folding doors, and in a moment returned, and then they all went in together.

It was so dark that for a minute Brachymedon could see nothing.

Then the light, falling downwards through a square aperture in the roof, showed him a smouldering hearth in the middle of the hall, and round the hearth four columns like those he had seen outside, tapering shafts with the lower end fixed into stones. They ran up into the roof and joined it at the corners of the open space, above which another roof spread, somewhat higher. So, very little light came in. But light came flashing back from the walls; he could dimly see, painted upon them, figures of men and beasts, and points and bands of metals, and a flashing, whirling band of blue; and the walls seemed to Brachymedon alive.

There were some men seated on rugs by the walls, and in the middle, near the hearth, three people of whom one, he could see, was a woman. Her hair was piled high and plaited with bands bright with metal work, and her dress, which was like what he had seen outside except that it covered her breast and arms tightly, was many coloured and brilliant with little discs of gold. One of the men was old, and leaned against a pillar, without moving, but the other was small, moving rapidly to and fro, talking what Brachymedon could not understand, save that he seemed angry. This was the king.

The old man leaning by the pillar said something to the king, and his anger seemed to die down. He made a slight gesture as though giving up a contest.

"Achaean man," he said, in a tongue that Brachymedon found he could understand. "Live with your brothers. This fate was assigned to you. Keep their customs, and do me the allotted service. Death is on my hands if you transgress."

Then his face cleared and he laughed. He was an easy-going man, and he put his mood behind him. He swung round and flung himself down on to a low chair covered with a rug.

"Come here," said he.

They pushed Brachymedon forward.

The king turned him round and round and felt all his muscles. Then he said something to the old man in his own language. The old man nodded. The queen went to a pillar and took down the huge shield that was hanging there, and lifted a spear from a socket where several were standing. She gave them to Brachymedon, and the king himself took from the ground near his chair a helmet like that which the soldiers wore, except that its horse-hair plume had been made white and scarlet. It was his own helmet, and he put it on Brachymedon's head. He laughed again. The old man looked frightened for a moment; then he too laughed. "If the god has willed it . . .," he said, in the Achæan language.

The king removed the helmet, nodded again to the aged man, and went out of the doorway into the vestibule.

"The king wills," said the old man to the Achæans, "that this stranger be of his bodyguard. Give him a plot out of your own land, and let no one harm him."

The soldiers by the gate stared hard at Brachymedon as he went out, though he had laid aside the king's armour. But it was clear that the king had told them that the strong stranger was to join their band. As for the man himself, he was too bewildered to resist or to question anyone, and allowed himself to be taken away quietly.

The Achæans cut out for him a plot from the common land which had become theirs, and on it they built a hut for him somewhat better than their own. But it was long before, at night, he could suffer to sleep in it. It was long before the king, indeed, at the advice of the old priest, his counsellor, permitted Brachymedon to live in any way alone; he was always under the eye of his companions in the king's bodyguard. There he learnt to use the big shield and to wield a spear longer than any he had ever handled, and to string bows that strained even his great muscles. Besides this, his countrymen gave him one of their own women for wife, and a girl of the king's people dwelt with him too, and so he lived for some three years, and had three sons by the Achæan woman, and a son and a daughter by the native. But this native girl, being her parents' only daughter, was their heir, and thus Brachymedon became, during this time, master of a new plot besides what the Achæans had allotted to him, and his crops were rich and more plentiful than theirs. They were envious of this, but since they believed him to be a sacred man, and the special darling of gods, his progenitors,

they let him alone, and indeed did him special reverence, offering bunches of grain and herbs that he might be propitious to their fields.

However, when the three years had gone by, the fates altered their weights for Brachymedon, and decreed that he should grow truer to his name.

The sky became hard and the crops failed. Pestilence slew the beasts, and the children died in their mothers' arms, and their mothers perished. Brachymedon's three sons by the Achaean mother died; but the other two survived unharmed, and he himself suffered in no way, not even in his crops, by the pestilence.

Therefore the Achaeans began to return to their first thought, that he was the special possession of the Wolf-God, and so holy that he must be made away with, for on his account the plague was harassing them.

So they resolved to hunt him out of the place as a thing sacred and accursed, having first hung his neck round with such fruits as they could find, and then to crush him to death outside the enclosure with great stones.

But the native woman heard the plan and went and told the old priest and asked his help, for she loved her terrible master.

So that night the priest came to the hut and called Brachymedon out and led him to a rock overlooking the town where there was a holy place belonging to the people of that town, a stone standing upright, marked with a doubled-headed axe. To this place no one came save for solemn sacrifice, and they were sure of loneliness.

"Achaean man," said the priest, "I am now very old. I have seen three generations of men, such as you are, go by. I know the fates. I will not go against their ruling. The Achaeans wish to kill you, because the mice eat their crops and shafts from who knows whence are slaying their children, and their women have no strength to bear or to nurture. Therefore, they think that you have brought the wrath of the god who sits shooting upon them from afar. He is your god more than he is theirs, and they hold you to be sacred to him. Therefore they will remove you from the town and the fields, that you may carry away with you all the curse. But this is an idle wish. It is not your fate that you should die."

He paused, and the blood of Brachymedon was running cold. The night was quite silent except for the soft noise of the sea, endlessly falling upon the beach at the foot of the

plain. A little wind went up from the sea, and a few flowers that had not dropped in the heat, sent their petals eddying down the rock. They were pink roses, very small, and white under the moon. The old man went on.

"The gods have willed a change," said he. "Our time is finishing. Have you seen wonders here? Is the king's house a marvellous one to you? Do not believe it. It is nothing to what you may see yet. This is but a weaklings' town. Cross that sea; go over the mountains beyond it; you will see towns compared to which this city is a plaything. Yet not even they shall stand. There was greater yet. Over a sea to which this is but a pool made by summer rain, were cities many times more great and grand. But they have fallen. It is we who made them fall. Our warriors sacked them. Our kings burnt those great halls. They are no more, and to us their wealth came across. And we grew fat and soft upon the wealth, and it will be our turn to go. And you will make us go. You!"

The sea plashed on the beach. To Brachymedon, the old man was like a dream standing at his head, and he had no voice nor wits with which to answer to him.

"We," went on the priest, always with his gentle mocking smile, "are weak, and you are the strong men. Though it was the other woman's children that died in your hut, yet it is our children that are the few and the feebler. For very many years you have been coming down across the mountains, and you think it is hunger and the enmity of the tribes behind you that are driving you. But that is not so. There is a fate in the thing, and not you nor I can combat it. I do not hate you. Why hate what none can hinder? Already you have won the best land; see the hill stripped where you have cut down the trees. And you, mountain men, have made boats, and have crossed this sea of ours—a little sea, yet a terrible thing for men that come from mountains. What can stop you? See the mountains yonder. They may be yours some day. They may be your Achaia. I cannot resist this; I will help you. I told you that your fellows will want to kill you. Here is what I will do. You have heard of the place you others call Pytho? It is where the great serpent, in whom are the spirits that are in the heart of the earth, has his dwelling. Cakes and beasts and sacred men are, when needful, thrown down into the deep place where he dwells. His rotten breath comes up through the rock, and the Achaeans, loathing the ancient worship, have called it Rotten-

ness. But savage men of your folk, though not as it were your blood brothers, but mere kindred, have come down over the rocks from the north, and the Achaeans themselves have seen that there is more of god there than rottenness, and have willed to establish gods of their own there who speak in the fountains of the place and the leaves of the laurel bushes, as indeed was ever the wont of the gods there from the beginning. Only the Achaeans and their kin call their own god Apollo, and have made him an enclosure, and now they say that the serpent is his and has the name *Python* not from rottenness, but from your word that means to Ask. For they ask their god all manner of questions, and they have a wise man there who interprets what the voice of the god declares, after his breath has filled him. But the ancient guardians of the place hate the wise man and the Achaeans who put him there; so they will hate you, when they see you, for I shall send you there, and they will want to cast you down to the serpent to devour. That will suffice to make your own wise man rescue you; and my hope will be that he will send you over the mountains to the sunrise, for other of your folks are there, and you can be safe among them, but here is no more place for you, whatever they shall say the serpent says."

The old man rose and went slowly down to his house in the king's castle. Brachymedon remained among the hills, with the sea in his ears, and the moon about to drop behind the mountains.

Suddenly he wept, and ground his teeth, and wept again. He saw himself, and about himself he saw two things. He saw, first, that there was a fate upon him, a sheer and stark fate that he could not ever resist, that had driven him thus far, and that would drive him some day over the edge of doom. He also saw that he was not in full obedience to his fate, not because he was strong to defy it, but because he had something within him that played him false and weakened his knees when he should have been strong. He had broken from father and mother, yet to the ghosts of father and mother was he tied. He had willed to be a man of the woods, consorting with beasts, and free in the mountains, and he had become the servant of a soft and laughing king, and the thrall of women, and a tiller of soil, and was a hatred even to the folk that should have loved him. He thought for a moment to escape while yet he could, and to run back to the woods, but he saw that the woods had

become a terror to him, and he feared the Mistress of Wild Beasts, who of old had been propitious to him. He ground his teeth again, to see how he had changed, and was for throwing himself down from the rocks, and breaking his neck from its socket, but again he feared, he did not know why, and could not do it. Looking this way and that, he went slowly back to the hut, where only the native woman waited for him, the Achaean woman having run away while he was absent.

On the next day the king summoned the chief men of the Achaeans to his hall. He had brought the stone with the axe graven on it into the middle of the great room, and it stood on a throne covered with a rug near the hearth. Standing beside it, the king said:

"Achaeans. The gods are angry with me and withhold their gifts from my people. They are angry, as it has been shown to me, because of too great honours that have been paid by us to you. You are aliens and incomers, and we have given you our women for wives and our land for your own possession. But it is not permissible to punish your folk, all and each of them. One only need be sacrificed, he to whom especially we have shown honour, making him one of our own bodyguard, and by many great gifts. Therefore, Brachymedon shall be taken to-morrow to the place you call Pytho, and have set up there a sacred place of your own, thereby angering yet further the gods who dwell in the great abyss of the mountain. Brachymedon shall then be taken bound to this holy place and shall be given as a victim to the great spirits who live there, and the gods will restore to us their riches and good health."

The Achaeans cried out that Brachymedon was a son of the God of the sky, and the beloved of Apollo, and might not be touched by the king; but this was useless because the king said briefly that in that case all would be well with him in the abyss, because it led straight to the home of gods, and Brachymedon would be where he most truly belonged, so that this way or that, justice would be established.

The Achaeans went back angry and divided in mind, for some still wanted Brachymedon to be killed, but wished to have his killing in their own hands, else the sacrifice would not be theirs, and the wrath of the gods would not be turned away from them; but others were so enraged at the insult offered by the king to their race that they changed their minds and resolved that Brachymedon should assuredly not

suffer, but should be further exalted and treated as a god.

However, the next day a score of the Achaeans embarked for Pytho in a long, narrow boat, black, with a yellow sail. All rowed except the old priest, the pilot, and Brachymedon. He sat with his arms bound behind him, having a string of dried figs round his neck, according to the Achaean custom whenever they were offering a man in sacrifice to the gods who nurtured fruits. For a party of the Achaeans were still determined that Brachymedon must be the poison who had infected the State, and, being cast out and destroyed, would cleanse it, and become its healing drug.

They sailed eastward along the shore, till after a while they could clearly see where land closed in the limits of the waters, and afar off, somewhat to their right, an enormous piled-up mountain where another king had his hall. Already the Achaeans, twisting to their own tongue's service the native name, called this place Korinthos. However, they did not sail by any means as far as this, but put in at night-fall where a river was pushing forth a little plain, mountains towering all around it, but with clouds heavy over them, and they could not see their shape.

But very early, even before sunrise, the clouds were gone. The mountains fell to left and right, as they looked into the plain, golden-crested on the left, purple still upon the right, and the feet of these and those alike in mist. But at the end of the plain rocks stood up into the shining air, scarlet and silver in the sunlight, and then, behind these, soaring into heaven on the right, a mountain such as even Brachymedon could not remember, dazzling with unstirred snow. It was towards this mountain that they went now by foot, turning to the right where a swift stream flowed into the river that was building up the plain. At last another stream, clearer than crystal, came leaping down to join the rushing water from between two huge crags, behind which the god-like mountain floated higher still. When the men saw this second stream they drew a gasping breath, for they knew it sprang straight from the foot of the divine place, coming from the heart of the earth where all the gods had their dwelling. They could no more see the sea, because a line of mountain to their right hid it; nor could they any more go forward, because the curving slope to their left had opened out to them a way by which they must ascend; and though they had awe of the place and feared now the work for

which they had come, they were forced to mount towards the two crags and the ravine between them.

As they went, the nearer rocks closed in about them, the serene snows were hidden, the grasses and the bushes disappeared, and the air grew full of voices. Full of voices was the air before them and behind, roarings and rushings as of water and stormy winds, and voices in the waters and the winds, hurled back upon them by the hills behind them and by the rocks on either side. But most of all out of the black narrow gorge, that two men might have spanned with their arms, the voices came shouting and howling. Then the rocks shadowed them round about, and the sunlight failed.

Across the mouth to the ravine, just where it narrowed most, a wall of great stones, with a door in it, had been built. To the door came forth an aged woman, clothed in hideous rags and with hair dishevelled. From beneath her knotted hand she peered into the light. When she saw Brachymedon she uttered a long howl and ran back into the dark. The priest ran rapidly after her, and for a moment their voices were to be heard speaking hurriedly in their own tongue. Then the priest came forth and stood with his hand extended to Brachymedon. Without knowing why they did so, the Achaeans closed in around him as though to defend him. When the priest saw that, he laughed. At his laugh, the Achaeans growled angrily. But before anyone had moved, the old woman came out again, but horrible to see. Her eyes were reddened and raw; and her lips, drawn back, were covered with foam. She howled and shrieked and waved her arms towards Brachymedon. The priest advanced as though to lay hold of him. Then the anger of the Achaeans broke forth, and the man they had meant to kill became precious beyond all things. They surrounded him and threw their arms about him. But the men they had seen in the doorways of the huts were running up the hill to snatch him from them, and they would have reached him had not the priest from the Achaean enclosure sprung with his fellows up to a tall rock and thence hurled stones upon them till they did not dare to come further forward.

However, from where they stood, they too began to throw stones at the Achaeans standing higher up the hill-side, and these turned round to retaliate.

Side by side, the old priest and Brachymedon, still bound, stood, on the threshold of the steps into the sacred place,

and looked down upon the turmoil. The men had drawn closer, and were now fighting hand to hand.

Then a stone, flung by one of his own race, struck the priest full upon the forehead, and he fell, and with a howl the old woman hid herself into the cave.

The fight ceased. Each side cowered back for a moment, and then the Achaeans raised a shout. But their enemies, the heart gone out of them, retreated down the slope.

The Achaeans freed Brachymedon, and their priest came down from his rock and joined them. He, with two others, went up to the cave and peered in. The old woman lay there dead, struck by some blow from the gods under the earth, angry with the way the fight had gone and manifestly defeated by Apollo.

The priest told his fellow-countrymen that it was clear that they could not return to the king who had sent them, because despite the protection of their god, the king would not hesitate to kill them in vengeance for his own priest and counsellor, who was well thought of by all the people.

So they first threw the priest's body down the cleft in the floor of the cave where all other offerings were thrown, for they had reverence for him and recognized him as a sacred man; but the old woman who always had been hostile to the Achaean priest, they threw down the hill-side, and this took still more the heart out of the natives of the place, for they had never thought that she could die, and many of them left the district altogether.

The Achaeans were divided in mind. Finally, all but two besides Brachymedon resolved to stay at Pytho with their priest and to defend the place as theirs; the two were advised by the priest to go over the mountains to a land where there were already very many Achaeans settled; it was called Argos, and lay far to the east and somewhat towards the north. There at any rate Brachymedon would be safe, though, if indeed the gods were for rejecting him, he would most certainly fall victim to some of the dangers by the way. Thus the plan was accomplished, and the three started that very morning. As for the others, they made a fortress in the ravine itself; but no one molested them because the gods had clearly taken their part; besides, the Achaean priest did not destroy the old worship, but continued to receive offerings, and to cast them into the abyss when he had no other purpose for them.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

WILLIAM MORE, THE BLIND HARPER.

A Footnote to English Martyrology.

CARDINAL GASQUET, in his admirable account of the three Benedictine Abbot-Martyrs, Blessed Whiting, Cooke, and Beche,¹ thus writes:

Circumstances had brought Abbot Cook into communication with both the abbots whose fate was subsequently linked with his own. In the triennial general chapters of the Benedictines, in parliament, in convocation, they had frequently met; and when the more active measures of persecution, devised by Cromwell, made personal intercourse impossible, a trusty agent was found in the person of a blind harper named Moore, whose affliction and musical skill had even brought him under the kindly notice of the King. This staunch friend of the papal party, whose blindness rendered his mission unsuspected, apparently travelled about from one abbey to another, encouraging the imprisoned monks, bearing letters from house to house, and, doubtless, finding a safe way of sending off to Rome the letters which they had written to the Pope and cardinals.

In a footnote to this paragraph, Cardinal Gasquet mentions that William More was one of the prisoners in the Tower on November 20, 1539, and he adds: "Perhaps More is the same person mentioned by Stowe as having been hanged on July 1, 1540: a Welchman, a minstrel, for singing of songs which were interpreted to be prophecy against the King."

Who was William More, the blind harper? His name figures very prominently in the indictment and libellous pamphlet against the three Benedictine Abbots, who suffered martyrdom in 1539, and yet his biography has been hitherto overlooked. The following brief memoir has been pieced together from the *Calendar of Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.*, the *Privy Purse Expenses*, etc.

William More (whose name is also written Moore) was a famous blind harper, and was appointed one of the two

¹ *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*. Revised edition, 1906.

royal harpers to King Henry VIII. in 1511—the other being “Blind Dick.” His first recorded appearance at Court functions was in the pageant presented by Cornish at Greenwich on New Year’s Day, 1511—1512. Between the years 1512—1520 sundry payments and gratuities were given to William More, “blind harper”; and in the year 1520, at Shrewsbury, he was handsomely entertained by the Corporation, the entry duly recording payment “for refreshment given to William More, King’s Minstrel, who is not only blind but is the principal Harper of England (*principalis cetherator* (!) *Angliae*).”

On April 3, 1537, Cromwell bestowed a gift of 7s. 6d. on More, and he gave him a similar amount on June 2, 1538. In the King’s Book of Payments for 1540 and 1541 we find payments made to More—who was only detained in prison a short time at the close of the year 1539—at the rate of 31s. a half year. In 1544 the Princess Mary gave him a *douceur* of five shillings.

Like many others of the Court musicians, William More retained his post under Edward VI., although he held to the ancient faith; and, of course, his services were fully recognized under Queen Mary. Nor yet did the accession of Elizabeth affect his position, any more than that of Master Sebastian, Organist of St. Paul’s Cathedral. By warrant, dated June 3, 1559, he was given a salary of 12d. a day to be paid quarterly, “during life.”

But, in 1560, the aged harper was no longer much in evidence at Court functions, and he passed peacefully away on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1564. The official entry in the Declared Accounts (Audit Office) for the year ending Michaelmas, 7, Eliz., runs as follows: “Musicians:—William Moore, harper, due for half a year ending at the Annunciation, at which time he died.”

Cardinal Gasquet’s surmise that perhaps More was to be identified with the unnamed Welsh minstrel who was hanged on July 1, 1540, must thus be abandoned, for William More, the blind harper, the faithful messenger of the three Martyr-Abbots—Richard Whiting, Hugh Cooke and John Beche—lived to a green old age, under four sovereigns, till March, 1564.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

THE REV. CONRAD NOEL AND THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

IN an opportune article on "The Fallacy of 'Reunion'" by Father H. E. G. Rope in our last issue, the Rev. Conrad Noel, Anglican Vicar of Thaxted, and a centre of social and political controversy, was described as "a brave man and zealous according to his lights, but a man prominent amongst those rationalists who deny the Divinity of our Lord." That phrase summed up the impression conveyed by certain extracts from Mr. Noel's *People's Life of Jesus*, quoted by Father Rope in his MS., but omitted in the printed article for lack of space. Mr. Noel writes, under date January 18th, indignantly denying the inference, which he characterizes as "a monstrous libel," and going on to assert that it was all the more inexcusable because in his *Life of Jesus* he writes of Our Lady as "the Mother of that Divine Word incarnate among men." Moreover, elsewhere in his public works, he speaks of "the Very Godhead and the Very Manhood of Christ," and has "insistently stressed" the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation. Finally, in "Some Articles of the Faith," prepared by him for the *Catholic Crusade*, he expresses his belief in God "completely incarnated in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, wholly God and wholly man, conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

Nothing, of course, could be more satisfactory. In view of Mr. Noel's declaration, Father Rope writes—and THE MONTH naturally unites with his *amende*:

I deeply regret having so grievously misrepresented the position of the Rev. Conrad Noel, albeit unwittingly. I have not read his work in book form, but quoted in my MS. from those chapters which appeared in *The Crusader* of July 14, 1922, certain passages that seemed to imply a rationalistic view of the Incarnation.

We have never accused Mr. Noel of duplicity or bad faith, and we are quite sure that his conscious orthodoxy was deeply wounded by his being regarded as an Arian. On the other hand, in explanation of the conclusion expressed in THE MONTH, we may be allowed to quote some of the passages from *The People's Life of Jesus*, which seemed to justify it:

In that moment of the baptism, it came upon Him that He was the Son of God. This need not imply that He thought of

Himself as non-human, or divine in some altogether foreign fashion from the rest of mankind. We do not find Him contrasting Himself with the rest, as though they were merely human and He divine; but for all that He was convinced that He was God's Son, in the sense that He was the long expected Leader and Lord of the Coming Kingdom. To Him there was no such thing as merely human; to Him mankind was God's child, and only such men as had deliberately forfeited their divine birth-right and had gone over to the enemy could be considered to be no longer the sons of God.

But "Son of God" was a recognized Messianic title, and it was this Son of God that He felt Himself to be. . . . There were, it is true, in some circles other conceptions of the Messiah, but it was quite possible to believe in the coming "Son of God" without believing that He was to be a non-human God from Heaven.

We are not for the moment concerned with the doctrine of Christ as the Son of God, as developed by Christendom in later times, but with the actual meaning of the phrase as used in the Church's Gospels and in the consciousness, as far as this is possible, of our Lord Himself. . . . How far Jesus grew from this point to a further consciousness of sonship it is difficult to say. . . .

But He was not yet entirely convinced about Himself and the rôle He was to play. He was not merely in the desert to think out how best to hasten and to bring in the Kingdom. There mixed with that doubts as to Himself and as to the nature of that new world. At least this is suggested by the form of the temptations, the "if" thou be the Son of God.

These extracts from *The Crusader* of July 14, 1922, we make bold to say, would convince anyone acquainted with the Catholic tradition that the writer did not believe in the Divinity of Christ. By themselves, from the standpoint of Catholic dogma, they imply mental and moral defects impossible in One who was God. Our Lord was perfect Man, in that He possessed a complete human nature, but His Personality, which used and worked in that nature, was wholly Divine. To the Catholic, the idea of His being in doubt, struggling with temptation, growing in knowledge except experimentally, etc., is little short of blasphemous. The union of the Infinite with the finite abounds, of course, in mysteries which Modernists, with the feeble and fallible instrument of reason, affect to solve in something like the above fashion. The disbeliefs expressed at the Modern Churchmen's Con-

gress at Cambridge are too recent in our minds to make it easily possible for us to interpret Mr. Noel's theology "de Scientia Christi" in any sense but theirs. But he assures us we are wrong and we are glad to accept his assurance.

J. K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Pope's First Encyclical.

What may be called the new Pope's "Speech from the Throne," the first Encyclical Letter addressed to the hierarchies of the world by Pope Pius XI., was issued on December 23rd of last year. It is a trumpet-call to the faithful, summoning them to unite for the rescue of Christian civilization. The high moral aims of the war, ostensibly professed by all belligerents whatever their secret purposes, viz., the firm establishment of justice, order, right-dealing and peace, which were all at hazard in the conflict, were miserably forgotten when the time came to organize the post-war world. Then ambition, revenge, greed, fear, ruled the counsels of the victors. It did not need Signor Nitti's latest book nor the recent revelations of Mr. Lloyd George to confirm what General Smuts and earlier writers had already made plain—that no durable peace can be looked for from the "settlement" at Versailles. The state of the Continent goes from bad to worse. The old trouble with the Turk, to abolish which alone made the sacrifices of the war almost worth while, has revived in a worse form owing to the dissensions of France and England, the Balkans are bristling with arms and inter-racial outrages, Poland has a larger army than pre-war Austria and is oppressing the Ukraine, and, like a cloud on the borders of all this anarchy and violence, hangs the organized injustice called Soviet Russia. This is what the Vicar of Christ, from the high watch-tower of the Vatican, discerns in after-war Europe. If peace and the reconciliation of nations were to be the outcome of the sacrifices of the Great War, those objects seem as far off as ever. The Pope sees the malady and puts his finger on its chief causes.

The Source of all Our Woes.

These are those familiar to all Catholics who have the vision of faith. They have been frequently dwelt upon in this journal, and in every other possessed of the Catholic spirit. The nations, in framing and pursuing their policies, have acted

and are acting without reference to God or the good of humanity. The aim of the Peace Treaties was the crushing of offenders and opponents, not the reconstruction of a new order wherein brotherhood and co-operation should be substituted for rivalry and suspicion. After establishing the framework of the League of Nations, the Powers ignored it as a means of peace. The cynical Clemenceau, who paid it lip-homage at the time, said later in the French Chamber:

I conceive of life after the war as a continual conflict, whether there be actually war or peace. I believe it was Bernhardi who said that politics are war conducted with other weapons. We can invert this aphorism and say that peace is war conducted with other weapons.¹

There is no inversion of aphorism here but a simple repetition of Bernhardi's Godless militarism. Apparently the rest of the Big Four were unable to cope with this materialistic outlook; as a consequence, according to the Pope's survey,—

Everywhere where war has been waged old rivalries remain, exercised either secretly in the intricacies of political or financial affairs or openly in public print, extending even to things which from their nature should be immune from such bitter strife, such as studies in the arts and literature.

The Pope is here concerned with describing facts, not with fixing responsibility for this state of things. Certain sections of our Press, with their constant denunciation of "the Hun" or, on the other hand, by their attribution to France of dark and sinister designs on the liberties of Europe, are busy in maintaining the atmosphere of war. Peace, says the Pope,

was indeed signed between the belligerents, but it was written in public documents, not in the hearts of men: the spirit of war reigns there still, bringing ever-increasing harm to society.

So much are we at the mercy of the half-score men who own and make profit from our newspapers, men necessarily devoid of all the knowledge requisite to form true opinions and of any real responsibility in pushing their several policies.

**The
Moral Law and
Secularism.**

If it be urged that States as such are only concerned with things of earth, having no destiny beyond, and therefore are justified in putting their material interests first, we reply that the moral law must govern the pursuit of even material interests. Men, singly or collectively, are morally responsible for their con-

¹ Quoted in *The Decadence of Europe: the Paths of Reconstruction*, by Francisco Nitti.

duct, and the standard by which they are judged is the law of God. More than half a century ago, in a celebrated series of lectures, Cardinal Manning traced the moral evils of the day to four chief sources: The Revolt of the Intellect against God, or the denial of revealed truth; The Revolt of the Will against God, or the rejection of Christian morality; The Revolt of Society against God, or the repudiation of the Catholic Church; The Spirit of Anti-Christ, or the apotheosis of "Naturalism." He predicted world-wide disaster as the fruit of these growing tendencies. The disaster has come, even on a greater scale than he had anticipated, and the Pope, searching for its causes, arrives naturally at the same result as the Cardinal. Civil anarchy everywhere, owing to the war of class against class, family disintegration, brought about by free-love and divorce; moral corruption due to absence of religious education; widespread unbelief leading to a savage scramble for the goods of this world; avarice breeding all sorts of injustice, and a universal contempt for lawful authority. The war, God's judgment on man's wickedness, should have purged humanity of these evils, but it has only intensified them. Nor can they be removed or effectively controlled, as the Pope points out, except by a return to the Christian faith. Materialism is bankrupt. The eminent After-Christians of our age who subscribed to its barren creed—Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, Huxley, Frederic Harrison, Lord Morley and the rest—one and all have proved false prophets. Very appositely did the Archbishop of Liverpool, in his striking address to the Birmingham Reunion, quote the candid acknowledgment of the last-named, of the failure of Secularism to improve on the Christian civilization which it aimed at supplanting. It has had a fair trial during the past generations in almost every land; it banished Christ from the governments, and from the schools; it had a fair field for its experiments and it has proved a curse to humanity.

What have we done [asks Lord Morley] with our opportunity? Have we made the world any better? Have we brought about that magnificent re-birth of all our institutions that we promised? You see the fruits of our labours.

He wrote during the war,¹ which signalized the breakdown of Secularism. He could only be confirmed in his disillusionment now.

France
and
Germany.

For we are no nearer peace, but rather more remote from it, than we were in November, 1918. In what many think a vain pursuit of reparations, France has "put the brokers in."

It is a natural outcome of her bitter disappointment at having

¹ *Recollections*, 1917.

gained nothing by defeating the invader and despoiler of her territories. Few have knowledge enough to say whether Germany has wilfully defaulted or not, though our journalists do not allow that defect to mitigate their omniscience, one way or the other, but everyone can recognize that, human nature being what it is, evasion of what is thought unjust requisitions was only to be expected. Anyhow, the French Government is making the hazardous experiment of enforcing its claims by arms. Here we are only concerned with the effects of this move on the prospects of peace—that permanent and durable peace which, as the Pope reminds us, is the work of Christian charity. Peace, which is the first requisite for a Europe in ruin, can hardly be furthered by the invasion of the Ruhr, even if it produces the reparations which are its ostensible object? The immediate gain will be dearly won at the cost of accentuating a desire of revenge, which would necessitate, for generations to come, enormous French armaments as the means of security. The population of Germany a generation hence will be double that of France; the financial recovery of the German nation is certain, for it is a necessary part of the recovery of Europe. France can never make herself really secure by her own unaided strength. How much better, then, for her interests and the interests of Europe to be at peace with her adversary now, even though it would mean some abatement of her just claims? Does she contemplate everlasting enmity with a nation double her population and sure to become prosperous and strong again? The peoples of France and Germany have nothing to gain by conflict, and now that both are democratic republics there should be a better chance of understanding and friendship. The security which France hoped for from an alliance with America and England can be, if she would only see it, more completely attained by an alliance with all the world in the League of Nations.

**Armaments
that
make War.**

It is impossible for the ordinary reader to arrive at the whole truth concerning the conduct of policies of the new States to which the war gave birth. Propagandist writings pour in from every side, and the comments of the press here only voice the prejudices of each particular paper. Is enlarged Roumania oppressing her newly acquired subjects? Is Poland persecuting the orthodox in Galicia? Are the Serbs behaving ill towards the Church in Yugo-Slavia? We had hoped that the League of Nations would receive, investigate, register and publish, according to its statutes, all complaints of this sort, and we still hope that it may perform that useful function. Meanwhile what is clear is that the various mid-European States are all heavily over-armed, and are keeping up military establishments, far be-

yond their real needs and to their own economic distress. When are the nations in the League going to begin to disarm? When—and this is as important—is the League going to attack the evil at its source, and attempt some control of the manufacture of munitions of war? Not long ago President Harding forbade the sale of rifles from the U.S. armouries to some European Power, but intimated that he would not interfere with private traffic in arms. And all over the world this particular trade goes on, and the financial interests of "Big Business" and of hundreds of thousands of shareholders are bound up with the prevalence and spread of war or preparation for war. What chance has a policy of peace in the circumstances? War, an essentially barbarous process although foolishly glorified by shallow thinkers, just because it gives an opportunity for heroic sacrifice, becomes under this system a trading concern enriching a few whilst ruining the many. The League, which became on January 10th three years of age and has already much to its credit, including the saving of Austria, should now have vigour enough to tackle this question of disarmament and the rationing of munitions. No doubt the Balkans would still fight though armed only with bows and arrows, but in that case they could do little harm to themselves and others.

**The Menace
of
Unemployment.**

It may be that this Government, which promises so little, may do more for the worker out of work than its predecessor, which promised too much. Still, no progress has yet been made in reducing the evil of unemployment. Our industrial civilization stands shamed at the spectacle of a million and a half landless and propertyless men and women, with twice that number of dependents, unable to find work and kept alive by "public assistance," a process demoralizing to themselves and a grievous burden to the community. Yet in spite of all the visions of a new civilization stirred up by the war, our leaders can now conceive of no other remedy than a revival of trade. All they seem to aim at is a return to before-war conditions, when unemployment was still a problem, though not so urgent, and when some eleven millions of our industrial population barely earned a subsistence wage. Whilst the reform of the industrial system is the most urgent of modern problems, made more so by the growing class-consciousness of the "proletariat" and the subversive efforts of Godless revolutionaries, the captains of industry talk of slumps and booms, the iniquities of trade unions, the competition of the insolent foreigner, and finally suggest their invariable panacea, lower wages and longer hours. Not a word about the iniquities of capital, watered stock, profiteering, Exchange-gambling, rings and trusts, and the hordes of unnecessary, parasitic

middlemen who take toll of the produce before it reaches the consumer. What wonder that Socialism and Bolshevism spread: they have their roots in the tolerated injustice of the capitalist system as at present worked, and they will never be overcome until Industry sets its house in order, abolishes usury and treats the worker humanely. There is no excuse in ignorance. We have tried unrestricted competition in profit-making and acted on the commodity-theory of labour for one and a half centuries, and Commissions without number have explored and explained our experience.

**The Sins
of
Capitalism.**

The upshot is that some means must be found to effect a better distribution of the wealth which Labour and Capital jointly produce. If costs of production must be further reduced, the worker's wage, already in most cases on the subsistence level,¹ should be the last thing touched. Dividends, often usurious in amount, should be lessened, economies in management be effected, above all, the various anti-social tricks of capital, the watering of stock, the formation of combines, etc., should be checked or controlled by law. Amongst the promises of the late Government was legislation against "Trusts, Combines and Harmful Trade-Combinations," in accordance with the recommendations of the Committee appointed by the Ministry of Reconstruction. Nothing has been done, although the Committee reported:

The British Iron and Steel trade is now practically one firm. The Textile Traders are "ringed" right through from top to bottom in a worse way, for the extra profits are added each time till we come to 300 per cent profits in the Wool Trade. . . . The Building Trade is full of combines: there is a ring in cement: there are agreed prices in bricks, arrangements between manufacturers as to the cost of such things as castings, water gutters, baths, etc.

And there is actually quoted in the same Report the first rule of a certain Building Association, which runs: "The object which the Association has in view is that of raising and keeping up the price to the buyer of goods and articles made or supplied by its members." Silent upon all this fraud and evil dealing, and the flagrant injustice which pervades modern commerce, capitalist writers are eloquent about the tyranny of trade unions, those defensive combinations which alone stand between the worker and a ruthless exploitation. Trade unions have been and are worked

¹ There is a certain force in the plea that wages should be more uniform, *i.e.*, that reductions should be effected more or less simultaneously in all similar trades, but excessive reduction defeats itself by lessening home consumption. Already since the war the purchasing power of the working classes has been reduced by £676,000,000 per annum.

in an anti-social way: they are often as narrowly selfish as the capitalist trusts;¹ but they were brought into being and are maintained by the injustice and tyranny of the employing classes. Surely the time has come for a frank recognition of past misdoings, and a policy of co-operation between the "Two Nations" whose real permanent interests are not distinct yet who, by severally pursuing their immediate ends, bring both into constant jeopardy. We look to Labour in Parliament to keep before the public mind the need of a new social order founded on justice and a mutual recognition of rights. It can be very new and yet be in full accord with Christianity.

In Support of the Dual System in Education. Insistence upon a uniform system of State education in a community of profoundly divergent religious beliefs is tantamount to asserting that religion, the only means of effectually training the will, is not the main constituent of education. Against this view Catholics must always fight, whether they are helped or not by the more Catholically-minded Anglicans. There seems to be lately a certain stiffening in the attitude of the latter on the subject. A great many churchmen resent and repudiate the acceptance by their leaders of Mr. Fisher's scheme for eliminating Dual Control, thus surrendering eleven thousand schools where Christianity is definitely taught, however inadequately, by Christian teachers; and their opposition is growing in strength. The attempt of a Conference of Anglicans and Nonconformists to find a "definition of principle" on religious teaching has naturally failed. Had Catholics been parties to the Conference the failure would have been even more thorough. Catholics and those who think with them are convinced that there can be no education worthy of the name unless children are taught in the first instance their responsibility, as creatures of God, to believe all that He has revealed and to conduct their lives according to His will. This kind of education can be given only by those who themselves believe in it, and, therefore, a unified system whereby only the commonly accepted doctrines of Christianity were taught (and what doctrines are nowadays commonly accepted?) and taught irrespective of the teacher's own beliefs, is both unjust and impracticable. The rights of the State in this matter are mainly negative. It can insist on seeing that its younger members are sufficiently educated to make them worthy and capable citizens, and it is bound to provide educational facilities for the children of parents who cannot for one reason or another discharge their main parental obligations. And there the strict

¹ In the years 1921-22 nearly 106,000,000 working days were lost by industrial strife. *Times*, January 20th.

rights and duties of the State end. Hence Catholics instinctively resent the proposal to make teachers civil servants, just as they resent the idea of a State medical service. The tendency of bureaucracy, strongly marked in our time, is to encroach more and more, in the supposed interests of economy and efficiency, on the liberties of the individual and of the family.

**Education
the Right of
All.**

Moreover, education, which consists in informing the mind with truth, and chiefly religious truth, and inspiring the will towards good, principally moral good, should clearly not be the monopoly of any class. The Church, which silly atheists call obscurantist, has always desired, and procured according to her means, the true education and enlightenment of all her flock. At the Reformation the provision she made for poor scholars was appropriated by the rich. It was the Capitalist State which in the early part of last century opposed the education of the worker. A certain Mr. W. Giddy, eminent in his time as President of the Royal Society and Member of Parliament, condemned in a speech in the House in 1807 the proposal to introduce elementary schools, and these are some of his arguments:¹

However specious in theory the project might be, of giving education to the labouring classes of the poor, it would in effect be found to be prejudicial to their morals and happiness; it would teach them to despise their lot in life instead of making them good servants in agriculture and other laborious employments to which their rank in society had destined them; instead of teaching them subordination it would render them factious and refractory. . . .

The mentality visible in this fatuous utterance is not yet dead. There are still people who think that education is only for the well-to-do; that, society being composed of a governing class and a proletariat, the former only should have access to the good things of the mind, as well as to material wealth. State education, as we have just been considering, is woefully inadequate, but it is better than ignorance. Yet, when economy is talked of, it is the education grants which are the first to suffer.

**Religious
Education the
Safeguard
of Society.**

We are constantly being told of the machinations of secret societies,—wicked Socialists who plot against the wealthy; wicked Capitalists who plot against the worker. Both kinds certainly exist, as well as those who plot against Christian society

¹ Quoted in *The Town Labourer* by J. L. and Barbara Hammond. (Longmans, 1917.)

itself. But they are neither so numerous nor so powerful as the alarmists pretend. Much more injurious to the common weal are the free thinkers who undermine religious faith, the libertines who impugn Christian morals, and the sectarians who, out of hatred for other beliefs than their own, would drive religious teaching out of the schools. The learned men who whittle away revealed religion in the *Hibbert Journal*, the emancipated novelist who abuses his or her talent to palliate or praise vice, the bigot who shouts against "Rome on the rates" and the misguided lawyers who advocate more and easier divorce are, if the Duke of Northumberland would only see it, doing more harm to the structure of society than the illogical Communist or Bolshevik, at whom he would have us shudder. For this reason we rejoice that the Council of the French Legion of Honour have lately struck a resounding blow for literary decency by expelling from its ranks a pornographic novelist, in spite of the howls of the "emancipated" and the usual claptrap about the freedom of artistic expression. In this country the law, though laggard, is still operative, as was shown lately by the seizure of a filthy birth-control book, but in France only public opinion as voiced by public bodies can check such deplorable excesses. We know nothing of the book which caused M. Margueritte's disgrace, but the fact that the Council of the Legion of Honour and the French Society of Authors could not tolerate it is quite enough for those who know the tolerance of the Parisian public conscience in this matter.

The Ethics of Punishment.

Echoes of the discussion aroused by the Ilford murder and the execution of the culprits are still found in the press. The agitation for the reprieve of the murderers, happily for the cause of justice unsuccessful, was, so far as it was not a mere newspaper stunt, supported by disbelievers in capital punishment, many of whom expressed their views in the papers. These letters showed how completely the Catholic teaching on the nature of punishment has disappeared from the modern mind, even in some cases from the mind of Catholics. Some confused thinkers denied the right of Society to take life at all whatever the provocation—to such lengths does mere sentiment, divorced from reason, carry folk. Others, arguing that the function of punishment is to reform, asked how can that function operate if the offender is put to death. Others again tried to show that the death penalty is ineffective as a deterrent, that object being its sole justification. No one mentioned the main reason for administering punishment, the restoration of the moral order violated by sin. Mankind has always felt the justice of the divine ordinance given to Noah—"Whoso shall shed human blood, his own shall be shed"; punish-

ment is essentially retributive. It is also medicinal, in so far as it helps the wrong-doer to personal repentance; and deterrent, since it serves to prevent him or others from repeating the offence; but its chief function is the vindication of outraged justice. For that reason—since vengeance is the Lord's—it is properly administered only by those holding God's authority: those who, St. Paul tells us, "bear not the sword to no purpose." On the other hand, provided that the punishment bears some real proportion to the crime, death need not be the penalty for murder, nor need the circumstances be such as we find them to-day, nor need every murder be punished in the same fashion. There is plenty of room for discussion and, it may be, reform on these points: only the real character of punishment should not be obscured by sentiment.

**The Commission
on
Honours.**

In deference to the clamour raised by the Duke of Northumberland and others, anxious for the purity of political life, the late Government appointed a Commission to investigate the system of conferring political honours, but confined its reference to making provision for the future. As a result, its recommendations are as likely to be ineffective against the disease of corruption as were the resolutions of the House of Commons in October, 1917, when this same question was discussed—and practically shelved. The suggestions amount to this, that a small committee of Privy Councillors shall scrutinize the Prime Minister's list before publication, and satisfy themselves from information attached that his nominees are worthy. Severe penalties, also, are to be meted out to those who shall be convicted of "touting," *i.e.*, offering to secure honours for a monetary consideration. As if such people acted on their own responsibility! Mr. Henderson dissociated himself from the rest of the Commission on the ground that the investigation was inadequate, but even he did not venture to say that the real remedy for an undoubted abuse is the public auditing of the "Party funds." Then, and only then, will Governments be able to rebut the accusation, never hitherto effectively disproved and made more credible by their refusal of such publicity, that titles have been and can be bought for money.

**Modernism
in
Morals.**

One striking point of the Holy Father's Encyclical was concerned with what he called "modernism in morals," the abandonment of the old Catholic ethic, first promulgated in the Sermon on the Mount and exemplified in the whole life of our Lord, and the substitution of a self-chosen code, the inspiration of which is from this world. The Pope specifies "economics, the social order, the relations between Sovereign States," mat-

ters on which his three immediate predecessors had set forth Catholic teaching at great length, as particularly affected by the repudiation of authority, but the spirit of revolt, not indeed new but springing at all times from the heart of the "natural man," concerns the whole of morality. There is a tendency within the Church to decry asceticism, and to assume that close union with God can be attained without it. The whole of hagiology gives the lie to that assumption. The body is always a potential traitor, and, though modern constitutions are too weak to tolerate old time corporal penances, still those who serve the Crucified cannot make this an excuse for self-indulgence. Again, the theory of religious obedience, the discipline of the will, demands for its perfection submission of judgment, *i.e.*, the recognition that the performance of the command is the best thing, not absolutely but in the circumstances. This has become obscured by recent theories. Once more, relics of "Americanism," the crude notion that the religious state is obsolete, are sometimes traceable in our literature, as for instance, in the estimate passed by a Catholic reviewer on the *Life of Cornelia Connelly*, recently noticed at length in this periodical. "The story is a painful one," says the writer, and doubts the wisdom of publishing it. Nay, he goes further and actually "reserves judgment" on the conduct of the Holy See in thus permitting husband and wife to separate, because, forsooth, the vanity and ambition of the former caused him to throw up his solemn obligation and do his best to make Mrs. Connelly throw up hers. The reviewer "instinctively recoils from such a sacrifice," although it is one especially commended by Christ Himself. Of course, it is a painful story, as all records of apostasy are, but it is also unique in its powers of edification, as depicting a great servant of God exposed to a trial unexampled in hagiography, and exemplifying the triumph of Catholic principle over the ideals of the world. What a mind instinct with the genuine Catholic tradition feels in such a life may be read in a brilliant appreciation of it published in the January *Blackfriars*.

**The Progress
of
the C.T.S.**

A small but very significant advertisement of the C.T.S. appeared in our papers at the end of the year, announcing "MEMBERSHIP, 1922: Jan. 1st, 3,078; Dec. 31st, 8,557." That is to say, in the twelve months the Society acquired 5,480 new members, or about 456 a month, owing to the energetic campaign conducted by its officials and their band of special preachers throughout the country. The advertisement is significant in two senses: it shows that a great many Catholics have awakened to the importance of the C.T.S., and it shows that a far larger number have not. Under the highest ecclesiastical

approbation, and with the intrinsic recommendation which a work of pure spiritual zeal in a heathen country commands, the Society has taken as a provisional aim a membership of 30,000. Its claims on Catholic support have been put before hundreds of congregations, yet only a small percentage of those who could afford it, have paid its modest subscription and become active members. A great many names, notable in the Catholic world for zeal and good works, do not appear on its lists; few legacies or donations come to its aid; more remarkable still, there are very many churches which do not sell its pamphlets or whose apparatus for sale is worked only half-heartedly. And yet, rightly considered, the C.T.S. church-door case is almost as important an aid to evangelization as the pulpit itself. The Society wants to produce more pamphlets and to distribute more widely those it produces. A quick turn-over makes its capital doubly productive. Evidently, there is still need for the energies of the Forward Movement in 1923, and happily there are still plenty of eager workers in its cause.

The
"Irish Monthly's"
Golden Jubilee.

Our cultured little contemporary, *The Irish Monthly*—a name which at once recalls the loved personality of Father Matthew Russell, friend of so many literary beginners—enters this month upon its Golden Jubilee year, for its first number appeared in July 1873. It is unique amongst Irish magazines in the length of its days and in the high and unchanged level of its excellence,—a distinction it owes to the fact that its founder guided its career and inspired its character for well-nigh forty years. Its January issue contains much interesting matter concerning its past history; we learn that solid treatises like Father O'Reilly's classic "Relations of the Church to Society," and brilliant essays like Father J. O'Farrell's "Lectures of a Certain Professor" originally appeared in its pages, and its present Editor promises that the future will try to keep up the standard of the past in this way, whilst not neglecting those lighter features which have always characterized the periodical. *THE MONTH*, some ten years older than the *Monthly*, offers its contemporary its warmest congratulations and good wishes.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

God's Knowledge of contingent futures vindicated [Rev. P. V. Higgins in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Dec., 1922, p. 587].

New Testament not indebted to Buddhism [C. F. Aitken, D.D., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec., 1922, p. 561].

Probabilism not a Standard of Conduct [T. Slater, S.J., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Jan., 1923, p. 38].

Uaity, Christian and Divine, not a human achievement [J. Keeler in *America*, Jan. 6, 1923, p. 273].

Venial Sin [Bishop Vaughan in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Jan., 1923, p. 1].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Gautemala, Religious Persecution in [J. Boubée in *Etudes*, Dec. 20, 1922, p. 772].

Ku-Klux-Klan, American action against [E. Colby in *America*, Dec. 16, 1922, p. 202 : *Catholic Times*, Dec. 30, 1922, p. 3 : *Catholic World*, Jan., 1923, p. 433].

Marriage Impediments, Ecclesiastical and Civil [Dom McLaughlin in *Universe*, Jan. 26, 1923, p. 4].

Oregon, School Question in [E. V. O'Hara in *Catholic World*, Jan., 1923, p. 482].

Philosophy in England: Present state of [M. d'Arcy, S.J., in *Gregorianum*, Dec., 1922, p. 578].

Protestantism really rationalism: Bishop Gore's admission [E. Lester, S.J., in *Tablet*, Dec. 30, 1922, p. 883].

Renan, Centenary of [L. de Grandmaison, S.J., in *Etudes*, Jan. 20, 1923, p. 147].

"Roman" Catholic: The Vatican discussion of the title [T. Sheridan, S.J., in *Tablet*, Dec. 22, 30, 1922, pp. 843, 874].

Rumania, Persecution of Catholics in [C. N. Lischka in *America*, Jan. 13, 1923, p. 293].

Tcheco-Slovakia, The Church persecuted in [J. Boubée in *Etudes*, Jan. 20, 1923, p. 215].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Alice Meynell [G. K. Chesterton in *Dublin Review*, Jan., 1923, p. 1].

Apostolate of the Sea, Account of [Br. Anson in *Stella Maris*, Jan., 1923, p. 19].

Benedictine Life, Is it contemplative? [Dom B. Steuart in *Pax*, Dec., 1922, p. 227].

Birth-Control Peril in France [Denis Gwynn in *Catholic Times*, Dec. 23, 1922, p. 12].

Catholic Social Action in England [J. B. Reeves, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, Jan., 1923, p. 566].

German Catholic Societies for the Young [P. Donceur in *Etudes*, Dec. 20, 1922, p. 662].

Jubilee number of *La Scuola Cattolica*, Dec., 1922.

Mentality of backward races the same as ours [P. Charles, S.J., against M. Lévy-Bruhl, in *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, Jan., 1923, p. 146].

Morality and Literature: The Margueritte affair [H. du Passage in *Etudes*, Jan. 20, 1923, p. 164].

"Padroada" in India, Evils of [*Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec., 1922, p. 618].

Scout-movement, Catholicised in France [J. Bricout in *Revue Apologétique*, Dec. 15, 1922, p. 375].

University Students' Federation: Account of "Pax Romana" [C. C. Martindale, S.J., in *Pax*, Dec., 1922, p. 217].

REVIEWS

I—A STUDY OF MYSTICISM¹

RATIONAL creatures desire to see, enjoy and be at rest with their Creator. The cry of St. Augustine—I was made for Thee, my God, and I know only unrest till I rest in Thee—is the cry of humanity exiled from its Father's home. This heart's desire is the goal of the mystics' quest, and mystics of all times, countries and beliefs, with wonderful unanimity, agree upon the goal and upon the general way to arrive at it. The mystic way consists of the subduing of the passions, shutting out the distractions of the senses, and turning the gaze inward. In the peace and silence of the depths of the soul, after much toil and longing search, God will be seen and He has been seen by many.

This is the claim of the mystics. Is it valid, or is it an illusion?

Dom Cuthbert Butler, in this important book, endeavours to answer this question on behalf of certain Catholic mystics of the Western Church. He admits that in the vast majority of cases the claim of mystics has to be set aside as unreal. True mystics find themselves in bad company. But he maintains that from all the welter of much unpromising stuff the experiences of such great Catholic mystics as St. Augustine, St. Gregory, St. Bernard, and St. John of the Cross, stand out with such compelling force as to impose themselves by their quality, so that they constitute a class apart, able to carry the weight of their tremendous claim, and to assert its validity. As Dom Cuthbert says, it is a question of evidence. And so his plan in this book is to let these great Catholic mystics speak for themselves. During the last twenty years he has collected all that St. Augustine, St. Gregory and St. Bernard say about mystical experiences; he arranges it under headings, and makes his comments on it. Thus the reader sees the material from which he draws his conclusions, and may agree or criticize or dissent according to his own knowledge and competence.

¹ *Western Mysticism: the teaching of SS. Augustine, Gregory and Bernard on Contemplation.* By Dom Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B. London: Constable and Co. Pp. xiii. 344. Price, 18s. net.

The goal of the mystics' quest is union with God. In estimating what is the nature of this union, according to the testimony of these great Catholic mystics, we think it better to reverse the chronological order followed by Dom Cuthbert Butler. St. Augustine used the neo-Platonic philosophy as the vehicle of his exposition, and the result is a certain obscurity. St. Bernard and St. Gregory labour under no such disadvantage. Like all subsequent Fathers and Doctors of the Church they are much indebted to St. Augustine. They studied his works and made themselves thoroughly acquainted with his thought. Thus he is best approached through them.

The mystic union, according to St. Bernard and Catholic teaching, is a moral union of mind and will between God and the soul, who at the same time are intimately present to each other, more present to each other than the human soul is to itself, as St. Augustine expresses it.

St. Gregory's teaching about the nature and effects of contemplative union with God is summed up in one of his Homilies on Ezechiel. Like St. Bernard, he teaches that as a general rule God is not seen face to face in this life, and that contemplative union with God is a moral union in which the soul "by understanding and feeling tastes somewhat of the unencompassed Light."

The most interesting part of Dom Cuthbert Butler's book is that in which he discusses the mysticism of St. Augustine. St. Augustine used the philosophy of Plato in his exposition of Christian doctrine much in the same way as St. Thomas afterwards used that of Aristotle. There are many passages in St. Augustine's works in which the language is certainly neo-Platonic and reminiscent of Plotinus. The question is — is the thought and meaning neo-Platonic also? From the examples Dom Cuthbert brings together, it is clear that the Saint's doctrine is Christianity set forth in the language of the neo-Platonists.

The Fathers, Doctors and Scholastics of the Church always regarded St. Augustine as the great Christian teacher and the faithful witness to Christian tradition. His doctrine concerning God, the human soul, and their mutual relations, is derived from Holy Scripture, not from the neo-Platonists. In more than one place he examines the question whether God can be seen or not in this life. On the authority of Scripture he teaches that in this life no man hath seen God at any

time. However, the same authority of Scripture seems to require that we should admit that Moses and St. Paul did see God. St. Augustine reconciles the apparent contradictions by saying that Moses and St. Paul were rapt in ecstasy, out of themselves, and so not in this life when they saw God face to face. In another place he says: "There is another life, which is immortal, in which there are no ills. There we shall see face to face, what here is seen through a mirror in a dark manner, even when great progress has been made in contemplating truth." And he repeats the same language elsewhere.¹

St. Augustine is substantially at one with the other Fathers and Doctors of the Church in his teaching on mystical contemplation and on the union of the soul with God.

We conclude, therefore that in spite of the rather startling terms in which it is sometimes made, the claim of the great Christian mystics "is hardly more than this: that what is accepted by Christian belief as realities of faith in the case of all souls in the state of grace, becomes consciously realized in the mystic vision."² What Catholic faith teaches us about the immanence as well as the transcendence of God, about the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, about the infinite love of God for the human soul, about the intimate presence of the divine Lover with the loving soul, makes all the marvels told by the great Catholic mystics of their experiences readily credible. Dom Cuthbert Butler thinks that the evidence which he has adduced is satisfactory and that it validates the claim of the witnesses. We think so too.

It was not his design to treat of mysticism in general, but in an Appendix he has gathered together some valuable material on nature ecstasy and on the intellectual ecstasies of Plotinus. It is well recognized by Catholic writers that the highest mystical experience, known by various names such as ecstasy, rapture, mystical union, may be either natural, preternatural or supernatural in its origin. It is recognized, too, that the task of deciding to which class any particular case belongs is often a difficult one. Hence mystical theologians and spiritual experts like St. Ignatius give rules for the Discernment of Spirits, which are intended to help the confessor and spiritual director in the task of distinguishing whether a penitent is suffering from delusions, or the wiles of the devil, or is being led by God in the extra-

¹ *Op. cit.* p. 88.

² *Op. cit.* p. 302.

ordinary paths of mystical experiences. A principle on which all Catholic theologians are agreed is that mystical experiences, supposing they come from God, belong to the class of graces called *gratis datae*. This means that they are not a sure sign of sanctity in the person who receives them. They are given for some other purpose, and they are dangerous gifts. Catholic authorities hold that they should not be prayed for or desired.

The plan of Dom Butler's treatise necessitates a certain amount of repetition, but the reader has the satisfaction of knowing that he has all the evidence before him clearly marshalled and aptly expounded. The net result of the book should be a great impetus to the practice of contemplative prayer.

The wide prevalence and general similarity of mystical phenomena need cause no astonishment to those who reflect that man is a religious animal and that mystical experiences are manifestations of man's religious nature.

2—A TIMELY BOOK¹

ONE of the effects of the war, it is said, has been a transvaluation of hitherto accepted ideals in the economic, social and political spheres of human life. True, even before 1914, such matters arrested the attention of political and social reformers with growing urgency; but the tremendous struggle, testing and straining and emphasizing all the complex factors that make for human welfare and misery alike, has made the discussion practical instead of academic, and forced upon us the necessity of giving an immediate and satisfactory answer to fundamental problems of industrial and political life.

Present-day economic difficulties, as touching the more pressing material needs of man, are naturally in the forefront of public interest and concern. Trade depression, dear living, high taxation, strikes, etc., are by some held answerable for our economic ills; yet they are, to a large extent, but symptoms of deep-seated maladies or even of a malformed social structure. The polity, the State or Government under which the individual lives, inevitably moulds his

¹ *The State and the Church*. By John A. Ryan and Moorehouse F. Millar, S.J. New York: Macmillan Co. Pp. viii. 337. Price, \$2.25.

life, defines most of his social and economic activities, limits his freedom, secures his right, and so is ultimately responsible for his welfare or misery. Theoretically, it matters little under what particular form of government the benefits of life in society are secured to the citizen, but practically it is of the highest importance that, whatever the political system, he should be enabled "to live at his best." Political thinkers of all times, be they Schoolmen, Hegelians or Socialists, are agreed on this, while their conception and interpretation of this ideal is naturally conditioned by their respective views concerning the aims of human existence, the nature of the State and the basic notions of justice, right and freedom.

Should the State confine itself to keeping order—a mainly negative function—or become a universal provider of every good thing, or compromise between the individualistic and socialistic extremes? The answers to these questions require preliminary determination of a much wider problem regarding the character and place of sovereignty. To settle this the foes of unjust privilege have recourse once more to Jean Jacques Rousseau, and invoke again the "Contrat Social," with its false assumption that political society is based on a voluntary compact, and its fantastic concept of sovereignty as an amalgam of all citizen wills in one, in such fashion that, in obeying the Government, we are only doing what we want to do, whether right or wrong, good or bad. On the other hand, the foes of democracy seek on all sides for some weapons with which to demolish the idea of popular sovereignty, and of the accountability of Governments to their citizens. What then is the Catholic to say on these issues? There can be few who are not called upon, in the course of daily conversation, to help in forming a correct public opinion by clearly stating the Catholic view on the fundamentals of political philosophy.

The answer to them is found in the volume under review—*The State and the Church*. Both acknowledged authorities on political and social questions, the writers of this book place before the reader in a clear, scientific way the Catholic teaching on the relations that should subsist between the State and the Church, on the true source of political authority, on democracy and representative government, on the end and functions of the State; while the historical development of the doctrine which underlies the usual process by which

the ruler obtains his authority is traced with special reference to American political history. Much of the matter has been dealt with magisterially by the Papacy itself, but the writers are at pains to show the political wisdom that inspires the Papal utterances. The chapters on "Patriotism" and "International Relations" are valuable contributions to the most burning and least understood questions of the day. If the League of Nations is not to share the fate of the "Holy Alliance," it will have to be constructed upon the bedrock of Christ's teaching. Both Catholic and non-Catholic will be glad to find all the authentic Papal texts gathered together and lucidly expounded. From the latter, as well as from various pronouncements of bishops and theologians, even the non-Catholic will gather how well the Catholic teachings on political questions harmonizes with the dictates of sound reason and how conducive they are to worthy citizenship.

3—GOD THE CREATOR AND THE LAST THINGS ¹

FATHER MUNCUNILL has already to his credit treatises on other parts of theology which have been well received, and deservedly so, for they are characterized by sound criticism, erudition and familiarity with the great theologians of the Church. They are also well documented. The present treatise possesses the same excellent qualities. It is written in a simple, clear style, easy of comprehension, and the scholastic method is adhered to faithfully. To each thesis a series of difficulties is appended, with solutions. As a text-book it is adequate and quite in the front rank of such works.

The disputation on Original Sin is exceptionally good, and we are glad to find that Father Muncunill defends admirably that explanation of the freedom of Original Sin which till recently was most commonly held, and by the most fervent Thomists, *e.g.*, Billuart and the Salmanticenses, and ascribed unhesitatingly by them to St. Thomas. In this explanation Adam is not only the genetic principle of the race, but also its juridical head or representative for the transmission of the supernatural and preternatural gifts.

Though the Church has defined that we shall rise with the same bodies, yet she has not defined in what precisely

¹ *Tractatus de Deo Creatore et de Novissimis*. J. Muncunill, S.J. Barcelona : Typis librariae Religiosae. Pp. xvi. 712. Price, 10 pesetas.

this identity consists, and there has always been much controversy among theologians on this point. In his treatise, *De Novissimis*, our author rejects as rash the opinion which finds identity of the resurrection-body in the identity of the soul, its vital principle, an opinion held by some theologians of note, *e.g.*, Cardinal Billot, and one which seems to meet more readily the difficulties which necessarily arise from demanding a resumption of the actual flesh possessed in this life for the risen body.

Many pages are devoted to the question of the *Praedeterminatio Physica*, which might have been reduced with advantage to a smaller number, for there seems to be nothing new to be said on this well-worn controversy, and no Pre-determinist is likely to be converted by perusing them.

Though we think there is a much greater need these days for fuller and larger treatises on the different parts of theology by writers who are specialists and experts in more restricted portions of this science, the interests of which will be better served by such works as *De Inspiratione* of Father Pesch, S.J., and *Mysterium Fidei* of Father de la Taille, S.J., still, as many students have not the time or capacity or will, or all combined, to read larger works, there is a distinct use and need for works like the present volume. The printer's part of the book leaves something to be desired, and some of the paper is of an inferior quality.

4—SPIRITUAL DIRECTION AND PSYCHOLOGY¹

THERE are really two books in this volume, one dealing with the physiology and psychology of functional troubles, the other collecting an almost overwhelming series of quotations from great spiritual directors, to show that they have been intuitively guided by the psychotherapeutical principles laid down in the first.

Both have their value, but of the two there can be no doubt that, for the reader who wishes to gain clear information and to have a working hypothesis, founded on clearly defined principles, of the treatment of mental troubles, the first is the one he should read most attentively. It is contained in ch. i., the first part of ch. v., chs. vi., vii., ix., xi. To this may be added ch. xii., which deals with the qualities demanded of doctor and director in their respective spheres.

¹ *Direction de Conscience: psychothérapie des troubles nerveux.* Par l'Abbé Arnaud d'Agnel et Dr. d'Espiney. Paris: Téqui. Pp. vii. 480. Price, 8.00 fr.

This section of the work is lucid, instructive and sound. It has the further advantage of all well-thought-out expositions, that it suggests its own shortcomings. It is, in fact, subordinated to a particular psychotherapeutic drill—the method of Dr. Vittoz. Now, doctors carry their psychological analyses just so far as they are driven by the symptoms they are studying, and when they have found a method to combat those symptoms, they tend to be satisfied. And we think this restrictive tendency of a method reveals itself in the excellent chapter on the will (ch. ix.), which contains acute analysis, prescribes methods of concentration and of decision which must be of great efficacy, but which are in reality only a preliminary to the development of the mind as an *integral* instrument of behaviour. The same is true of the insistence on auto-criticism (conscious reflection) while acting and while choosing. All this will help the subject to regain what the author rather curiously calls “*contrôle cérébral*,” but, while it would be successful in some cases, it would be disastrous in others, if applied as prescribed. With these latter, there must first be an opening out of their mental horizon, a re-education, not in particular actions, but in ideals of conduct, which show them that certain conduct-impulses, which are being unduly inhibited, can be given a legitimate issue in a form of conduct and control sanctioned by psychological well-being, by ethical norms and by religion.

In this regard the authors seem to treat the principles of psycho-analysis too cavalierly. No doubt they are thinking of it as it is presented by so many doctors, not only in Germany, but in England, namely, as the process of cure by itself. They are quite right in asserting, and they cannot be too vigorous in asserting, that in psycho-analysis the subject is passive, and therefore the process cannot in itself be a cure, but only a preliminary. But they seem to be unaware that this is precisely what is said by Jung, who is the head of one branch of this school. Since, however, he has not a large following of doctors on this point, they are right to stress this their main contention (which to a Catholic ought to appear obvious), that a man's mind, in so far as it is to shape his moral destiny, must be built up by his own conscious efforts in the last resort, and that the “passive” methods of investigating the contents of that mind are only a means to enable him to react for himself intelligently and with the minimum of cost.

There is no mention of any English work in this field; yet their case could have been materially strengthened by a consideration of the principles of the New Psychology as exposed by Shand, McDougall and Rivers.

The chapters which deal with the direction of conscience by spiritual directors consist, as has been said, of many examples of their method. Many interesting lights are thrown on the acuteness of these masters of the spiritual life, but we cannot say this section is entirely satisfactory. One has the impression that the author has set out to show that the saints were really fulfilling the requirements of the Vittoz method. As this is eminently reasonable as far as it goes, we may be sure *a priori* that Catholic ascetics employed it intuitively as one weapon in their arsenal. But it was one of many, and we have not the slightest doubt that quotations could be marshalled to prove that they also employed the principles of psycho-analysis, of suggestion, and of auto-suggestion. Father Baker, for instance, gives proof in *Holy Wisdom* that he had a delicate insight into the integration of instinct-impulses with rational conduct.

Still, no one can read these excerpts without learning much about spiritual direction, and since the great contention of the book is that subjects should be encouraged and excited to make efforts towards conscious control over their behaviour, it is to be recommended heartily.

In order to complete a work of this kind we feel the need of a smaller one, showing what ascetics considered to be the main psychological factor in the evolution of character, and how this governing principle modified their use of these subsidiary drill methods. The main factor is that which is the exciting cause of development of the rational self and of its unification. It cannot be a drill of any sort any more than the drill of the barrack-yard is of itself the cause of the development of the integral soldier. What this cause is *in abstracto* may be easily enough stated, but it needs the saints to show us how to introduce it and foster it in our own and others' minds.

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGY.

THE object of *Le Dogme Catholique dans les Pères de l'Eglise* (Beauchesne: 7.50 fr.), by E. Amann, was suggested to the author by the *Enchiridion Patristicum* of Rouet de Journel, S.J., viz., to place within reach of the French-speaking public selections from the most im-

portant works of the Fathers of the early Church. The selections, which extend from the *Didache* to the time of St. Gregory the Great, are varied and well chosen: explanatory notes are added, besides short historical accounts of the authors cited. The table of contents and index should prove valuable for purposes of reference to the originals. The author is to be congratulated on having successfully fulfilled a real need. We trust that an amplified second edition will soon be forthcoming, and that something of the same kind may be made available in other modern languages.

BIBLICAL.

Many will be glad to have an abridged edition—**Evangile selon Saint Marc** (Gabalda: 4.00 fr.)—of Père Lagrange's larger work. The introduction is very short, the translation is that of the second edition of the large commentary, and the notes, if such they should be called, run smoothly on in continuous prose, summarizing the story so as to include all necessary information. Père Lagrange himself remarks that little preface is needed in offering his abridgement to the public, and this is still truer of a review; critical points could only be discussed with reference to the larger work. While recognizing the usefulness of this little volume as a whole, however, we may express our regret that the learned author maintains that Christ anticipated the celebration of the Jewish Passover. We could only support so astounding a proceeding on very strong evidence, and of real evidence there is none at all, either in the New Testament or in the Mishnic treatise on the Passover or anywhere else. The matter has been discussed in the appendix to St. Mark's Gospel in the Westminster Version, and by Father Nairne in this journal for July, 1920 ("Was the Last Supper a Jewish Pasch?"). As a matter of fact Père Lagrange's account of the matter on p. 143 is rather confused, and perhaps suffers from over-compression. For ourselves we think that the simplest and oldest solution is the true one, that Christ at the Last Supper never celebrated a Jewish Passover at all.

DEVOTIONAL.

Les Voies de Dieu, by Mdle. Mink-Julien (Téqui: 3 fr.), is now in its second edition. It is the story of a conversion. The ways lead through anti-clericalism and spiritualism to the City set on a Hill, from which the authoress writes as a very loyal and humble citizen.

Père Millot, Vicar-General of Versailles, has added a third volume to his valuable series. **La Retraite Eucharistique** (Téqui: 6 fr.) contains instructions for three days on one great subject—the Blessed Sacrament. Here is food for those souls whose devotion centres round the Adorable Sacrifice. They will not go away hungry.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Miss Margaret Kennedy is already well known for her books about the saints for children. **Saints of Old** (Sands: 3s. 6d.) is a delightful addition. This book deals entirely with the saints of Great Britain, and would make happy reading for a school of children from nine to thirteen. The illustrations are by Wilfred Pippet and are such that even a child will appreciate them.

Anchoresses are in fashion nowadays, but although "A Nun of Tyburn Convent" has entitled her book **The Anchoress's Window** (Sands: 4s. 6d.), it contains other stories of the monasteries of old England and the Crusades.

It is just the kind of book a child loves, because it tells the stories simply without any "talking down" to him, yet it is by no means only a children's book. Pleasantly and gaily written, it is a "little way" (after Sœur Thérèse's own heart) of telling high mysteries to those who would not read them if they were written in black letter or bound up in black cloth covers. An ideal book to read to the sick or to the sad. We heartily recommend it.

Stories of the saints also occur in the little collection of "Records" to which their author (M. D. Stenson) gives the title of *Gésu Bambino*. These have already appeared in the *Catholic Fireside* and *Irish Catholic*, and are mainly concerned with the shrines and miraculous images of the Christ-Child. The papers are entertainingly written, and solidly instructive. The book is published by Messrs. Sands at 3s. 6d. and 5s.

POETRY.

The Holy City: A Tragedy and Allegory in Three Acts (Longmans: 5s. net), is a religious play in blank verse by Lady St. Cyres. We doubt whether this will appeal to many, for blank verse is out of fashion, but the subject is certainly unusual and is treated with impressive dignity.

An anonymous writer has composed *God's Wonderland: A Christmas Masque* (Longmans: 1s. 6d. net), a beautifully arranged little book, most carefully prepared for childish acting. A Catholic would almost hesitate to change a word of it, even the prayer-book translation of verses from the Psalms, before giving it to his own children to act, so thoroughly is it imbued with true Catholic feeling.

A member of an Anglican sisterhood has collected a bouquet of verses and styles it *In the House of My Pilgrimage* (Longmans: 4s. net). The poems are tuneful and devout meditations on the mysteries of the Incarnation. The editor has chosen a really exquisite frontispiece, and the whole small book makes a delightful impression.

Devotional poems too frequently depend for their merit on their devotion, but in the *Devotional Poems* of Miss Emily Hickey (Elliot Stock: 2s. 6d.) we have the work of a poet who, after attaining artistic maturity, "found herself," when she embarked upon what has been so rightly called "the poet's road." Miss Hickey is mainly known to her present-day readers by her Catholic output, but her high place amongst our living poets was secured many years ago in four successive volumes of very remarkable verse. The present little volume contains poems which would seem to serve as votive candles set burning before the Tabernacle, the Crib, and the shrine of the "Sweet Mother." Miss Hickey's poetry has always possessed a characteristic distinction which sets it in isolation from the minor poetry of the day. Her devotional verse is marked by this same aloof nobility suggestive of the difference between liturgical and popular devotions. Apart from its literary charm and value, the present volume will be acceptable as a practical book of devotion on the restrained lines of a perfected art. There are lines in the Eucharistic sonnets which will cling to the mind at prayer-time.

FICTION.

Miss Enid Dinnis's new book—*The Anchorhold: A Divine Comedy* (Sands: 6s. net)—is an example of a truly Catholic art. She has not merely some skill or some technical accuracy, she has what may be called genius. Her other books are well known and dearly loved, but

in this there is a new strength and, if possible, a deeper mysticism. We recommend it to all religious houses for recreation, to all schools where the fifth and sixth forms are accustomed to study the atmosphere as well as the dates of their English History, to all converts who need the nourishment of pure and home-made Catholic romance, and to all those who find the exterior of this life a dreary and unsatisfying thing. For here, thank God, is a solid book full of the courage of joy! Here is romance unapologetic for not wearing sackcloth! Here is the childish wisdom of the Kingdom of Heaven! What is it all about, do you say? It is a delightful and delicious interweaving of love affairs and prayers and soldiery and sacrifices, history and mystery and mysticism. Whatever happens among these pages is bravely done. There is nothing half-hearted anywhere. The standard of thoroughness is truly Catholic. That which is done is done with gallantry or graciousness. There is no pining and whining and grumbling. The characters sing at their work and sing at their prayers, and God is welcome everywhere. We refuse, on principle, to say with more precision what the book is about. But those who do not read it will miss one of the happiest and holiest books of the year, and one of the best possible antidotes for fog and anxiety and February.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Jesuit Directory, that useful annual edited by Father David Thompson, S.J., improves in appearance with each year of issue. That for 1923 is printed by the Manresa Press with its tradition of accuracy and neatness of appearance. In addition to the usual "permanent matter"—calendar, accounts of houses and missions, details of services, associations, etc., and addresses—there are new sections such as that on the various indulgences attached by the Holy See to different devotions practised by the Society, that concerning members of the Society famous in science and literature and that containing the obituary notices of the past year and a summary of centenaries in the present. To those connected with the Society through mission or school, the volume, which is remarkably cheap (Manresa Press, Roehampton, S.W. 15: price 1s. net), will also prove remarkably interesting.

We give a very cordial welcome to a new quarterly magazine—**The Catholic Medical Guardian** (B.O. & W.: 1s. 4d. post free: 5s. annually)—which appeared in January and which will serve as the organ of the well-known Guild of St. Luke, St. Cosmas and St. Damien,—an association of Catholic medical men and women founded in July, 1910, by Surgeon General Maunsell. It has always been obvious that the medical profession must constantly be brought into contact with ethical as well as medical problems, and it is on that account that the Guild was originally started. Now that it has its own means of expression, the Guild may fairly aspire to become a support and a guide to all Catholic doctors when faced with moral questions. The modern spread of un-Christian views and practices outside the Church, joined to the growth of the Guild itself, makes some such means of communication and enlightenment the more necessary. The editorship has been entrusted to Lieut.-Col. P. W. O'Gorman, who tells of two previous attempts, both frustrated by war-conditions, to establish a Journal for the Guild, and who looks forward with confidence to the success of this venture. Certainly his

first number, full of helpful and apposite matter, gives good ground for hope.

A new impression of Mother Stuart's **The Education of Catholic Girls** (Longmans: 5s. net) is sure of a welcome because of the interest excited by her *Life*. It contains the ripe experience of a lifetime of teaching, and should be in the hands of all interested in Catholic education.

A pamphlet entitled **Benediction in Scotland** (Mowbray & Co.), by Mr. H. W. Hill, gives a detailed account of the struggle made by the congregation of St. Michael's, Edinburgh, to retain that rite (as practised by Anglicans) on a change of incumbents. The Catholic reader will be moved to wonder how Anglicans or Scottish Episcopalians can adore what on the most favourable supposition is only doubtfully consecrated. What warrant have they for the valid ordination of any particular clergyman?

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The Manual of the Happy Death Society (St. Michael's Church, Buffalo), compiled by Father P. W. Leonard, S.J., concerns of course our more familiar *Bona Mors* Confraternity and gives a full account of the Society, with appropriate reflections and devotions.

The Petit Manuel des Congregations de la T. S. Vierge, issued by M. Téqui at 1.00 fr., gives in Latin and French the devotions habitual amongst the different varieties of "Children of Mary."

Not many of our readers are likely to be students of Indian Philosophy, otherwise we should give a more extended notice to a really profound and scholarly **Essay on the Doctrine of Unreality of the World in the Advaita** (Catholic Herald of India), by Father G. Dandoy, S.J. It is worth the careful attention of all Catholics who are likely to travel or reside in the East, whether as missionaries or lay-folk.

A tract issued by the Society of SS. Peter and Paul called **The Priest's Rule of Life** (6d.), by the Rev. C. Newell Long, is a reprint of a paper read at the Oxford Anglo-Catholic Congress in 1921, and indicates how completely one section of the Anglican Church has assimilated the priestly ideal. Nothing but allusions to lax practices in regard to the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the observance of fasting, the law of celibacy, shows that the writer belongs to a religious body which proves itself not to be the Church of Christ because it has no means of teaching or ruling effectively.

The C.T.S. *ohne Hast ohne Rast* continues its steady output of new pamphlets and reprints. It has added to its biographies an interesting account of the career of **The English Pope: Adrian IV.**, by G. R. Snell. Wholesome spiritual exhortation is contained in **The White Pearl and the Black Peril**, concerning the importance of preserving cleanness of life from childhood. The subtle problems concerning an article of faith are clearly dealt with in **The Resurrection of the Body**, by Father V. McNabb, O.P., who takes occasion to show how shallow and confused is non-Catholic speculation on the subject. Father Jaggar, S.J., expounds in lucid fashion the Catholic teaching on the Sacrament of **Extreme Unction**. An earnest attempt is made by Father P. H. Malden to explain the strange mentality of our separated brethren, in **Anglo-Catholics, have they grasped the point?** He shows that Anglicans unconsciously ascribe to us their own conception of the Church: hence (as indeed Father Rope pointed

out in our last issue) their talk of *re*-union. **Why must I pray?** by Dom R. Hudleston, O.S.B., and **The Confessional**, by Father Tom Burke, O.P., are both welcome reprints.

A little treatise on **Spiritual Reading**, by the Right Rev. Bishop John Vaughan, is the product of the Manchester branch of the Society, and, though priced at a penny, does not conform in printing and format to the ordinary style of its publications—a divergence, we think, to be regretted.

Dr. Halliday Sutherland's timely leaflet, **Why "Birth Control" is Wrong**, has been thoroughly revised and should be widely distributed.

The Irish C.T.S. has reprinted five of Father Vincent Hornyold's useful pamphlets on the "Church of Old England," now out of print on this side of the channel. They are **The Old Religion**, **Catholic Orders and Anglican Orders**, **The Seven Sacraments**, **Catholic Doctrines and Catholic Practices**.

The Pussy Cat of the Baby Jesus (Sands: 2s. net) is an illustrated poem for children, the joint production of Sister M. Antony (the poet) and Sister Tarcisius (the artist). Both rhymes and pictures are charming, and should help many a mother to instil the rudiments of piety into the very young.

The merit of Mr. Henry Somerville's pamphlet **Why the Church has condemned Socialism** (C.S.G.: 2d.) lies in the fact that it carefully discriminates between varieties of Socialism and shows to which the Church's condemnation refers. The Socialism that is condemned is condemned because it denies the *right* to private property, which right is essential to the proper liberty of the individual, the family and the Church. Many who call themselves Socialists would repudiate the label if they realized this. In one appendix the author points out that Catholics have never been forbidden by competent authority to belong to the Labour Party, and in another that the Labour Party, as its constitution is explained by Mr. Sidney Webb, is not Socialist in the sense condemned by the Church. In view of the ignorance that exists on these matters, these two Appendices are timely and important.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

Catholic Mind. Vol. XX. Nos. 23.

24. Vol. XXI. No. 1. Price, 5c. each.

BLACKWELL, Oxford.

Two Mystic Poets. By K. M. London. Pp. vi. 97. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE. London.

Retreat Conferences for Religious. 2nd Series. By Bishop Cox, O.M.I. Pp. viii. 352. Price, 6s. *The Apocalypse of St. John*. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. xvi. 164. Price, 4s. *Concerning the Holy Bible*. By Bishop John Vaughan. 2nd Edit. Pp. xiv.

273. Price, 4s. 6d. *A Harvester of Dreams*. By Emily Orr. Pp. vii. 103. *The Church*. By A. D. Sertillanges. Pp. ix. 392. Price, 12s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

An Introduction to the Psychology of Religion. By R. H. Thoulenn. Pp. 286. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *The Royal Chronicle of Abyssinia*. 1769-1840. With Translation and Notes by H. Weld. Blundell. Pp. 543. Price, 50s.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

Several Twopenny Pamphlets.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND, Dublin.

Several Twopenny Pamphlets.

- C.S.G., Oxford.
Why the Church has condemned Socialism. By H. Somerville. Price, 2d.
- DESCLÉE, DE BROUWER ET CIE., Paris,
Sainte Thérèse Écrivain. By Abbé R. Hoornaert. Pp. xix. 652. Price, 15.00 fr. *Histoire du Peuple Hébreu.* By Prof. L. Desnoyers. Tom. I. 3^e mille. Pp. xvi. 432.
- ELLIOT STOCK, London.
Devotional Poems. By Emily Hickey. Pp. 78. Price, 2s. 6d.
- GABALDA, Paris.
Les Derniers Jours du Maître. By Abbé A. Dard. 2 Vols. Pp. vi. 280. Price, 10.00 fr.
- HEATH CRANTON, London.
Flying Leaves. By Rt. Rev. Sir D. O. Hunter Blair. Pp. 221. Price, 12s. 6d. net. *Grass of Parnassus.* By J. M. Cobbett. Pp. 64. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- KEGAN PAUL & Co., London.
The Triumph of Love. By Rev. B. Williamson. Pp. xxiii. 230. Price, 10s. 6d. net.
- KENEDY & SONS, New York.
Spiritism and Common Sense. By C. M. de Heredia, S.J. Pp. xv. 205. Price, \$2.00.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
Une Journée chez les Moines. 5^e édit. Pp. viii. 144. Price, 7.50 fr.
- LONGMANS, London.
A Year's Thoughts. Edited by A. O'Rahilly. Pp. 203. Price, 5s. n. *Personal Religion and Public Righteousness.* By Rev. Peter Green. Pp. xii. 113. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Louis Napoleon and the Recovery of France.* 1848-1856. By F. A. Simpson. Pp. xviii. 396. Price, 21s. n. *Prophets of the Better Hope.* By Rev. W. I. Kirby. Pp. xiv. 253. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *The Way of Vision.* By Rev. J. Brett. Pp. viii. 118. Price, 5s. net.
- MAME ET FILS, Tours.
Missale Romanum. 18mo. Price, (cloth) 12s. 6d.
- MARIETTI, Turin.
De Matrimonio. By F. M. Cappello, S.J. Pp. xi. 952. Price, 30.00l.
- NATIONAL CAPITAL PRESS, Washington.
The Psychology of the Subconscious. By the Rev. P. L. Mills. Pp. 81. Price, \$1.00.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.
The Poet's Life of Christ. Compiled by Norman Ault. Pp. xxviii. 276. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- OUSELEY & SON, London.
The Sun-Worshipper. By Kenneth Ingram. Pp. 271. Price, 6s. net.
- REVUE DES JEUNES, Paris.
Choses Divines et petits Enfants. By Marie Fargues. Illustrated. Pp. xiii. 213. Price, 22.00 fr.
- SANDS & Co., London.
The Boys' Book of Saints. By Louis Vincent. Pp. ix. 251. Price, 6s. n. *The Child who had never heard of Christmas.* By Margaret MacKenzie. Pp. 13. Price, 6d. net. *Gash Bambino and other Records.* By M. D. Stenson. Pp. 224. Price, 5s.
- SCHÖNINGH, Paderborn.
Geschichte des Ablasses im Mittelalter By Dr. N. Paulus. 2nd. Vol. Pp. 364. Price, 18.00 fr.
- STOCKWELL, London.
Donna Luisa de Carvajal. By a Nun of Tyburn. Pp. 40. Price, 2s. n.
- SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., London.
Nor'ard of the Dogger. By E. J. Mather. New Edition. Pp. xii. 321. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- S.P.C.K. London.
The Tome of Pope Leo the Great. Edited by E. H. Blakeney, M.A. Pp. 46. Price, 1s. net.
- SOCIETY OF SS. PETER AND PAUL, London.
Several Devotional Booklets.
- SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSS, New York.
Louis Bourdaloue, S.J. By J. C. Reville, S.J. Pp. x. 208. Price, \$1.75.
- SOCIETÀ EDITRICE INTERNAZIONALE, Turin.
Vita del Ven. G. Bosco. By Fr. G. B. Lemoine. New Edition, 2 vols. Pp. viii. 702, viii. 768. Price, 20 l.
- TÉQUI, Paris.
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